

Zion's Herald.

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ANOTHER BAR DOWN.—The Baptist Church is one of the most true, zealous and successful of the hosts of Christ. It has done great service for the Master. Like all strong churches and all strong men, it has its own modes of faith and working, and is very tenacious as to the necessity of those forms to its own efficiency, if not their superiority, over all rival statements of the truth. For this reason it clings to immersion as the only form of baptism with a persistence that only great and successful men exhibit in their character. As this is their formative principle, the structural idea of their organism, it cannot be expected that they should easily abandon it. It would not be desirable. It would show a weakness that would betoken dissolution. And that dissolution would breed harm to the church and the world. They must slowly outgrow this idea, and conform their views gradually to the true interpretation of the Scripture and the true imitation of the Saviour.

But they have joined to this another dogma—that of close communion. In this they were supported by church usage, to a large degree. They found baptism a prefix if not a prerequisite to the Lord's Supper; and they declared that this was the true law. So they laid it down as an ordinance. But the growth of their church has found this girdle too small for it. The neck-lace of ornament becomes a throttling cord that stifles the free flow of their life-blood. They have long felt this strangulation. What they first thought was a bond of unity has become one of disunity. Many of their pastors have abandoned it. The first to do it openly, however, and by exchanges and co-operation with other clergy, was Rev. Mr. Malcom, of Newport. The Warren Association of Rhode Island had his case before them last week under a resolve of Dr. Lincoln's, condemning all such practices. He was the only defender of his resolution. His son, Prof. Lincoln, Pres. Caswell, Dr. Caldwell, and Dr. Benedict opposed it. Mr. Malcom proved that the association had allowed open communion for fifty years, and the case was settled substantially in his favor by the rejection of the censure. It is a noteworthy triumph of Christ. It brings one of his best army corps into line with the other divisions; it is a grand rebuke to the petty and Christless trial of the Episcopalian, Mr. Hubbard, now going forward in that same State. The Baptists of Rhode Island are proving their right to the chief claim, liberty of conscience. May their churches everywhere follow the state of Roger Williams in this new step into the liberty which is in Christ Jesus.

REVERDY JOHNSON AN ABOLITIONIST.—The President and Senate did not do the most unwise act when they sent Reverdy Johnson as minister to England. Coming from a slave State, with much of its old haughty yet unsubdued, he is doing a good work at home as well as abroad by his confessions as to the benefits resulting from abolitionism. Thus he spoke at the Sheffield Cutler's Dinner:

The troubles to which I have referred, great as they were, sad and heart-rending as they have been, have been attended by one compensation. We had an institution, not indigenous to us, but brought to us from a common ancestor—human slavery. [Hear, hear.] Four millions of people were in that condition; how to abolish it without dangers even worse than

those which followed from its existence was a problem. Our domestic strife has solved that problem. Slavery, thank God, is now extinct, [loud cheers] and no footprints are to be found on the soil of the United States but those of a freeman. [Cheers.] Dreadful as the havoc has been; prevailing as the slaughter was, literally miring almost every battle-field with blood; in future times it will be said that all was well spent in getting rid of the blot—not of our own creation, but of that blot which tarnished the fair fame of the United States and gave the lie to the Declaration of Independence, by which we claimed our right to freedom and liberty. [Cheers.] What is man without liberty? It is liberty alone "that gives to life its lustre and perfume, and we are weeds without it."

Who would have supposed five years ago that Reverdy Johnson would glory in abolitionism. The times change and men change with them. We trust *The Baltimore Episcopal Methodist* will copy and approve this utterance of the most distinguished of its own citizens. If it does, its logical consistency will make it zealous for equality and fraternity with these brethren for whose freedom even the great price we paid is declared by Mr. Johnson "well spent." For it can do nothing by halves, and if it once accepts the situation it will surpass all its neighbors in demanding its complete evolution.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS, designed to encourage the interests of the farmer, are degenerating into mere horse shows and race courses. Sheep, pigs, horned cattle and poultry, give place to horses. Speed is the great desideratum. Fast horses, fast men and fast women, are the great attractions of these rural displays. Betting, and all sorts of race course gambling are openly pursued, and money changes hands as freely as at the tables of accomplished blacklegs. Against such proceedings as these the Christian press has a right to protest, and not only has it the right, but it is under the most solemn obligation so to do.

Here are these annual shows where the yeomanry of the land, the sons and daughters of our quiet New England homes come together to compare the results of their labors, and to learn better methods for the successful prosecution of their work. Doubtless in the past they have been the means of accomplishing great good. Even now there is much in them to commend; but for all that, as they are at present conducted, they are well calculated to vitiate the morals of the young, and make them familiar with scenes of dissipation and sin.

A horse race is just as much out of place at an agricultural fair as an exhibition of fighting roosters or a genuine Spanish bull fight. No intelligent man or woman needs to be informed of the brutalizing effect of the horse race upon body and soul of spectator and participant, nor does it need argument to prove that the influence of the concomitants of racing is most deleterious. These things are known past all power of contradiction, and why then, we ask, do the men who have the charge of these fairs tolerate what they know is disgraceful and curse-entailing? And why, we ask, does the Commonwealth permit an appropriation of its funds to be given to any Agricultural Society that allows of horse racing in connection with its exhibitions? And more than this, why do Christian men and women allow themselves or their children to go to such places? It is an outrage on the rights of good men to take the funds of the State and appropriate them to the aid of race courses, whether under the patronage of agricultural societies or not. And the only proper action for Christians, for moral upright men, is to refuse, not only to attend these exhibitions where racing is allowed, but also to refuse to make any contribution of any kind whatever to them until there is a radical change in their management.

SPARE THE TREES.—THE HERALD was the first to urge upon the attention of our Legislatures and Congress the necessity of putting a stop to the wholesale massacre of our aboriginal forests. It has again and again plead for a partial protection of these primeval trees. The reform is getting seconded. *The Independent* had a late editorial denouncing this iniquity. *The North American* allowed Rev. Mr. Brigham to lift his voice against it, and now *The Occident*, from San Francisco, joins the crusade. Thus earnestly it speaks:

There seems to be an insane desire on the part of early set-

tlers, in every portion of the country, to destroy all trees which nature has furnished, that they may live for years without shade, while those they may plant slowly grow to maturity. Instead of leaving some of the grand old natives of the forest, where pioneers are clearing for themselves a home, they sweep all away, and then set out a few around their houses, that may be large enough to give their children some comfort in their adult years. Instead of saving every one that can be permitted to adorn the bare land of a region where a tree is a public blessing, ruthless hands hew them down, that the open space of a highway may be exactly defined, or that the right angles of street blocks may not be obstructed, or that the rows of little, struggling substitutes placed, according to method, with the shrubs that may grow in the yards, are expected to satisfy those who mourn for the noble oaks that are gone. It is difficult to restrain one's emotions of mingled sadness and wrath, in view of such sacrifices to what many persons seem to regard the taste of improvement. Can any sane man give a reason why the authorities of the city of Oakland, for example, give orders that the magnificent trees which have been growing for centuries, shall be banished from their streets, while the authorities of New Haven most sedulously preserve and protect those which human hands have gathered into their streets? Can one be blamed for the feelings of indignation with which he looks upon the fields of girdled trees, splendid even in their dismantled and decaying state, in the upper portion of that region of beauty, the Napa Valley, that a few more bushels of wheat may be gained from an acre when he has watched the slow growth of those in other lands that may add some beauty to a landscape, or some charm to a home? There may be no way of checking or preventing this destruction of what ought to be cherished by every one who loves either nature or man, but the result is a serious and public loss.

There is a way. Let every State where there are townships yet unsettled forbid the denudation of all the forest lands. Those which have lost this direct control can indirectly, and perhaps in the right of eminent domain, directly interfere to rescue from destruction any original woods yet remaining. If it has a right to compel the dams to let the fish ascend and descend, it may have this other right, which the needs of nature, no less than man, demand. The woods are falling like their leaves. A superb piece of old woodlands in Northampton, far superior to any of her street beauties, rare as they are, has been lately devoured by the saw-mill, and not a rod of its forest primeval probably now exists in that township. Another superb forest in Westfield has been lately destroyed. Daniel Webster sat a few days in the Massachusetts Legislature, and carried one bill, about fisheries, which he was accustomed to say was about the most useful act of all his legislative career, and in which he was not far from right. Let some legislator this winter in Maine, Michigan and Massachusetts follow his example, and prevent the farther destruction of our forests. Congress has attempted to save the Yosemite Valley and its trees. It had better go a step farther, and do the same service for Michigan and Northern Ohio and Indiana and Northern New York and Alaska, and the territories. Control this evil ere it is too late.

WE declared that Congress ought to repeal its act admitting the Georgia Representatives and Senators to their seats. It seems that this act has not yet formally passed. Georgia is not included in Mr. Seward's list of the States which have adopted the Constitutional Amendment. It has never adopted it, if the late action be endorsed. It will be kept out of its seats in Congress as long as it keeps its own members out of theirs in its legislature. It is also proved that no possible ground can be found for its action from the very worst construction of their laws; for no code ever forbade a man from holding office because of his color. If he was a citizen he was eligible. These unpardoned rebels who have taken possession of that body and expelled their loyal brethren will find Congress copying their own conduct, and justly expelling from its halls those who are disgraced by such a constituency. Georgia will have to tarry at Jericho, away from the capital and the national privileges, until its beard is grown, its real manhood truly developed.

AN OMEN.—Seymour is an unlucky name. A clergyman of that patronym after eight ballots, came within two votes of election as the Episcopal Bishop of Missouri. He seemed sure of success, when a new name was started and on two ballots, Mr. Robertson, of Batavia, N. Y., was elected. The church leads the State. She also will reject her Seymour for her chief office.

MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

BY REV. E. S. STANLEY.

That sainted mother now above,
I owe her much for her pure love,
In patient teaching,—thousand cares,—
But O, how much for secret prayers!

I see myself in childhood glee,
The Bible on my mother's knee?
The room where once stood waiting chairs
For me and mother in her prayers.

The rod which chastened childish ways
Was wisely used, deserving praise;
She taught me *why* such painful fares,
Then sanctified them with her prayers.

She led me to the house of God
Her weary feet had often trod;
I learned of dangers, of God's cares,
The reasons for "my mother's prayers."

When leaving home, how oft she said,
With holy hands upon my head,
"Though sin has many thousand snares,
Pray, and remember mother's prayers."

The memories of her careful way
And sweet caresses live to-day;
Her love-strokes on my sliken hairs,
But, above all, "my mother's prayers."

She won my love, my youthful heart
To God by her persuasive art;
My chastened spirit never dares
To sin against "my mother's prayers."

God has regarded all her tears,
Her hopeful trusts and many fears?
And every day my soul now shares
The profit of "my mother's prayers."

Through darkness, hardship, trying days,
Remembering all her pleasant ways,
It lifts me up on buoyant airs
To think of all "my mother's prayers."

Some leave their children riches great,
Their worldly honors for estate;
But this the greater glory wears,
The legacy of "mother's prayers."

That mother left me long ago;
And yet her loss I scarcely know;
There seems an angel in my cares,
That angel is "my mother's prayers."

O, mother, could I speak to thee,
I'd praise thee for thy prayers for me,
And kiss thy lips for holy cares
That sent to heaven "my mother's prayers."

When heaven breaks upon my sight,
And we shall meet where all is bright,
I then shall know the end of cares,
The worth of all "my mother's prayers."

HALLE AND ITS MEN.

BY REV. GEORGE PRENTICE.

The city of Halle is not remarkably beautiful for situation, nor exactly the joy of the whole earth. As a whole, its aspect is that of a poor, irregularly built and unattractive town. It might be much more pleasing than it is, however, if its natural advantages were suitably improved. Its position on the Saale, if not picturesque, is yet agreeable; it has hills in its near background, which might make the city pleasant to look upon if covered with fine buildings; it has suburbs which in the summer season are very agreeable resorts; it has the ruins of an old burg and an ancient episcopal residence to give it historic interest; Luther preached in its market church, and a fine picture by Cranach adorns it. Its market-place is made picturesque by the antique air of its buildings, and by the gothic style of the church, watch-tower and the Rathaus. Two bronze lions watch the sleepy flow of the fountain under the summer sun. These are often turned into such a sheepish aspect by the snows of winter as to make me sometimes wonder that the thrifty burghers should leave them unshorn. This wonder is the more natural because no stranger is allowed to enter the town without being shorn as speedily and closely as possible. The compliment is of course often returned, and I heard of Russians, Hungarians and English students who had swindled the townspeople. After all, the pre-eminent swindler was a Yankee; hailing, according to his probably false assertion, from Fairmount, Mass. His name I have unhappily forgotten. For six months he lived on other people, and then went flying over Europe, writing letters to have his books, boots and breeches sent him, but neglecting to pay his bills though promising to do so. This fellow played the nabob, went into the best society and made debts for tobacco, board, postage, washing, beer and a boat. He also borrowed money which is to this day unpaid. I give him this perhaps needless exposure, in the hope that his sins may find him out.

TWO WALKS.

Two things chiefly interested me in Halle,—its walks and its men. The former are not remarkable, except for their associations. I recall two at this moment,

that may serve as extreme specimens of what may there be found in this kind. One was a winter walk taken just when the days were at their shortest. When the sun rises at about eight o'clock in the morning and sets at four in the afternoon, the day is nothing to boast of. Add to this a light snow on the ground, thick ice on the ponds, a sky almost constantly overcast, flocks of winter birds, and a dull, heavy atmosphere, and you have some notion of a German winter. On such a day, a friend and myself started to visit a village about four miles distant. We crossed the Saale just by the ruins of the ancient episcopal residence which formerly belonged to the archbishops of Magdeburg, and, I fear, collected a heavy toll on the commerce of the stream. We took a westward direction and struck a rapid pace. The dull, heavy appearance of the scene was singularly impressive. The open fields had neither a rock, fence, stump or tree to interrupt their monotonous aspect. Even the villages being built of brick and stuccoed into uniformity of color with the winter sky, scarcely relieved the sight. The forests consist entirely of evergreen trees, which take on a strangely weird sombre aspect, in their contrast with the snow and the clouds. On the various paths which intersect the broad plain, men, women and children are hastening their several ways. Sixteen hares cross our track in the hour's walk. We reach the village, stop a half hour to rest at the clean but homely inn, and then return. The sun is down before we are half way home, darkness comes on slowly, and the kindled lights disclose a hundred habitations which we had not observed in our coming forth.

The second walk was over the same path in the last days of March. The season was early so that the sun and sky would have done no discredit to the month of May. The fields were everywhere green with their springing grain; cattle and workmen were in the fields; the forests looked more cheerful with the sunlight pouring down on them, and in their gentler contrast with the blue sky and the emerald fields. The bare was still bounding across the plains, but he had now a joyful aspect. Above all, the lark was in the air. There is no need to see the fields to know that spring has come; one has only to hear a lark. All the gladness and freshness of the spring is in his song, which proclaims the winter past and prophecies the summer. If there could be anything better than this, it would be to go to a small island called Nightingale Island, and listen to the music of the birds who give their name to the place. These are always to be found there at the proper season. A young friend took me into his boat one pleasant evening, and we dropped quietly down the river till we were near the home of these songsters. There we stopped. The moon was bright on the forest and the episcopal ruin. The river had not a ripple on its face, and the concert had now begun. There are eight or ten birds singing at no great distance from each other. How round, perfect and delicious are their liquid notes. But what a difference between the lark and its nocturnal rivals. A lark sings because he is full of new wine, is steeped in sunshine, is so full of joy that he must pour it out or burst and die. But the nightingale is the artist of birds. He knows his worth and won't perform unless he has the needful accessories. How skillfully he chooses these! Night, silence, whispering trees, moonlight, all these add to the effect of his delicious fluting. Then how he pauses after flinging out a few notes, as if he were trying to learn from his ear whether his voice be in good trim. His song is no gush of gladness, it is melody exquisitely managed. He is careful not to surfeit his hearers. The nightingale is Tennyson, the lark is Chaucer.

MULLER AND THOLUCK.

But the men of Halle? Not the dead men who still live in their works, but the living men of Halle. For me these were few. Chief among them are Tholuck and Müller. Of the latter, there is not much to say, except that he is visibly waiting for his summons home. One sees him out in all weathers, seeking a little refreshment from the air. A stout, solid, sanguineous gentleman, neatly dressed in black, with a velvet skull-cap, which you see whenever he lifts his hat to salute you. He has suffered from a stroke of paralysis so far that he can write no more; cannot speak even a few extempore words without losing himself, cannot recall your name ten minutes after he has heard it. Still he reads his lectures, the ripe fruit of the studies and toil of other days. His publications, especially his work on the "Christian Doctrine of Sin," have given him a high rank among the theologians of Germany. His lectures, particularly those on "Christian Dogmatics," are among the best attended in the University. These will only see the light of typographical day as he vanishes into that heavenly light which our earthly eyes cannot see.

Dr. Tholuck is a short, slender, stooping man of sev-

enty years. He wears a wig, wears glasses and dresses carelessly. His eye is very bright and his temper is fresh and youthful. In lecturing he reads slowly, distinctly and without a touch of emotion. His lectures still attract a throng of students. I had the pleasure of frequently seeing him. It is rather in his private intercourse that his great charm lies, than in his preaching. He has the habit of walking from eleven to twelve o'clock daily in his little garden. One never sees him alone in this walk. Always some visitor or some student is with him. I am persuaded that he accomplishes as much good, perhaps more, in this way than by his other labors. He seeks especially to bring Christ near to those who know him not, in these walks. He is a sharp observer of men and their manners, and has a rich fund of humor and humorous anecdote in him. One or two of these may illustrate his character: One day he was traveling by coach, and took his place beside the driver. He asked the latter a great many questions and among them, whether he loved to associate with Christian people. "O, no!" was the answer, "they are too stiff and solemn for me." The talk turned to other matters. After awhile, Tholuck asked him if he thought he should like to go to heaven when he died. The reply was, "Why, yes; I have always heard that heaven is a very nice place, and I would like to go there." "You had better give up that idea; you won't like it." "Yes, I shall, for they say people are not sick, nor poor, nor overworked, nor hungry, nor tired, in heaven; of course I should like to go there." "But you wouldn't like it." "Why not?" "See, sir, there is nobody but Christians there, and they are so stiff and solemn you couldn't stand it." But Christ and the work of Christ are the most welcome subjects to him. One day I was walking with him, when a young man came up and stood hat in hand before us. Tholuck did not notice him till I drew his attention to the visitor. He then sprang toward him crying, "Ah, my beloved, is it you?" He embraced him with joy and as a child. The young man had come to ask when he would see him alone. The time was fixed, and he withdrew. Tholuck then said to me, "That young man was formerly a student of mine, and lived in my house. He was in the greatest doubt and darkness and could by no means come at Christ, though he strove ever so hard. But a few days ago he gave me the greatest joy by writing to me that he had found the Lord." There was in this interview a gush of pure Christian feeling which was refreshing. A noble man is this, with a noble work behind him and a bright future before him.

In his early years he was considerably among the English Methodists. Mr. Joseph Butterworth, Dr. Clarke's brother-in-law, gave him the works of Wesley and Fletcher. These, he says, greatly edified him. No doubt, too, they contributed much to that kindly feeling which he entertains for Methodists. But my letter is done, and Carl Witte, a famous Dantophilist, G. Ulrici, the most celebrated of German commentators on Shakespeare, Jacoby, Beyschlag, and the rest are sung.

WOLF-REARED MEN.—NO. II.

BY REV. DR. BUTLER.

In my first paper upon this subject I promised to furnish further reliable facts which would throw additional light upon the case described.

Assuming that the legend of *Romulus* and *Remus* is a myth, the only instance bearing any similarity to those cases which I have ever met is that of the celebrated *Caspar Hauser* of Germany, whose interesting narrative was republished here in Boston 35 years ago by Lieber, and which work can be found in the Boston Athenæum Library.

Caspar, after a seclusion in a dungeon from infancy till about his seventeenth year, obtained the moderate use of speech, and a certain degree of intelligence.

Yet his case and these here related have but few features in common. His was certainly the better chance, for he had the occasional visits of his taciturn keeper, his food was regularly brought to him, and some means even to teach him to write were employed, while these wolf-reared youth never saw the face nor heard the voice of a human being till they were captured, but herded with wild beasts and fed on carrion.

Major General Sir Wm. Sleeman was the last "Resident" (Ambassador) at the court of Lucknow before the kingdom of Oude was annexed. I reached that city in 1856, shortly after the close of his official career there, and while his papers were being published, and so much interest was excited by the accounts he gave of these wolf-reared men.

Sir William was a man of science, fond of investigation, and had ample opportunity, while at Lucknow, and during his extensive and protracted journeys over the kingdom, to pursue his inquiries. He has left on record the account of seven or eight such cases which

he investigated with great care in the very localities where they occurred. I am well acquainted with the places, and even with some of the persons mentioned, and have full confidence in the General's care and skill. From the cases he investigated I select the two which are most full of incident.

There was at Sultanpore in 1852 a boy who was found alive in a wolf's den near Chandour, (ten miles from Sultanpore), about two years and a half before. A native trooper, carrying dispatches, was passing along the bank of the river near Chandour one day about noon, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all-fours, and seemed to be on the best possible terms with the old dam and the whelps, and the mother seemed to guard all four with equal care. They went to the river and drank without perceiving the trooper, who sat upon his horse watching them. As soon as they were about to turn back, the trooper pushed on to cut off and secure the boy, but he ran as fast as the whelps could, and kept up with the old one. The ground was uneven, and the trooper's horse could not overtake them. They all entered the den, and the trooper hastened and assembled some people from Chandour. When had dug into the den about six or eight feet, the old wolf bolted out with her three whelps and the boy. The trooper mounted and pursued, followed by the fleetest young men of the party; he headed them, and turned the whelps and boy back upon the men on foot, who secured the boy and let the old dam and her cubs go.

They took the boy to the village, but had to tie him, for he was very restive, and struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl. He was kept for several days at the village, and large crowds assembled to see him. When a grown-up person came near him he became alarmed and tried to steal away; but when a child came near him he rushed at it with a fierce snarl like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. When any cooked meat was put before him he rejected it in disgust; but when raw meat was offered he seized it with avidity, put it on the ground under his paws like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near him while he was eating, but he made no objection to a dog coming and sharing his food. The trooper remained with him four or five days, and then returned to the governor, leaving the boy in charge of the Rajah of Hasunpore. He related all that he had seen, and the boy was soon after sent to the European officer commanding the First Regiment of Oude Local Infantry at Sultanpore, Captain Nicoletts, by order of the Rajah of Hasunpore, who was at Chandour and saw the boy when the trooper first brought him to that village. This account is from the Rajah's own report of what had taken place.

Captain Nicoletts made him over to the charge of his servants, who took great care of him, but can never get him to speak a word. He is very inoffensive except when teased, and will growl surlily at the person who teases him. He had come to eat anything that is thrown to him, but he prefers raw meat, which he devours most greedily. He will drink a whole pitcher of buttermilk when put before him, without seeming to draw breath. He can never be induced to keep on any kind of clothing, even in the coldest weather. A quilt stuffed with cotton was given to him, but he tore it to pieces and ate a portion of it, cotton and all, with his bread. He is very fond of bones, particularly uncooked ones, which he masticates apparently with as much ease as meat. He has eaten half a lamb at a time without any apparent effort, and is very fond of taking up earth and small stones and eating them. His features are coarse, and his countenance repulsive, and he is very filthy in his habits. He continues to be fond of dogs and jackals, and all other small four-footed animals that come near him, and he allows them to feed with him if he happens to be eating when they approach.

Captain Nicoletts told me that the boy died in the latter end of August, and that he was never known to laugh or smile. He understood little of what was said to him, and seemed to take no notice of what was going on around him. He formed no attachment for any one, never played with any of the children around him, or seemed anxious to do so. When not hungry he used to sit petting and stroking a pariah, or vagrant dog, which he used to permit to feed out of the same dish with him. A short time before his death Captain Nicoletts shot this dog, as he used to eat the greater part of the food given to the boy, who seemed in consequence to be getting thin. The boy did not seem to care in the least for the death of the dog. The parents recognized the boy when he was first found, Capt. Nicoletts believes; but when they discovered him to be so

stupid and insensible, they left him to subsist upon charity. He was about nine or ten years of age when found, and he lived about three years afterwards. He used signs when he wanted anything, and very few of them except when hungry, and he then pointed to his mouth. When his food was placed at some distance from him, he would run to it on all-fours like any four-footed animal; but at other times he would walk upright occasionally. He shunned human beings of all kinds, and would never willingly remain near one. To cold, heat and rain he appeared to be indifferent, and he seemed to care for nothing but eating. He lived with Capt. Nicoletts' servants, and was never heard to speak till within a few minutes of his death, when they assert that he put his hands to his head, and said, "it aches," and asked for water; he drank it and died.

[Concluded next week.]

P. S. In the former paper "charming the prey," should read "sharing the prey."

IN THE GARDEN.

Summer is dying, slowly dying;
She fades with every passing day;
In the garden-alleys she wanders sighing,
And pauses to grieve at the sad decay.
The flowers that came with the spring's first swallow,
When March crept timidly over the hill,
And slept at noon in the sunny hollow,
The snowdrop, the crocus, the daffodil,
The lily white for an angel to carry,
The violet faint with its spirit-breath,
The passion-flower, and the fleeting, airy
Anemone,—all have been struck by death.
Autumn the leaves is staining and strewing,
And spreading a veil o'er the landscape rare;
The glory and gladness of summer are going,
And a feeling of sadness is in the air.
The purple hibiscus is shriveled and withered,
And liquid lolls its furry tongue;
The burning pomegranates are ripe to be gathered;
The grilli their last farewell have sung;
The fading oleander is showing
Its last rose-clusters o'er the wall,
And the tubes of the trumpet-flower are strewing
The gravel-walks as they loosen and fall;
The crocketed spire of the hollyhock towers
For the sighing breeze to rock and swing;
On its top is the last of its bell-like flowers,
For the wandering bee its knell to ring.
In their earthen vases the lemons yellow,
The sun-drunk grapes grow lucent and thin,
The pears on the sunny espalier mellow,
And the fat figs swell in their purple skin;
The petals have dropped from the spicy carnation,
But the heartless dahlia, formid and proud,
Like a worldly lady of lofty station,
Loveless stares at the humble crowd.
And the sunflower, too, looks boldly around her;
While the belladonna, so wickedly fair,
Shorn of the purple flowers that crowned her,
Is telling her Borgian beads in despair.
See! by the fountain that softly bubbles,
Spilling its rain in the lichenous vase,
Summer pauses!—her tender troubles
Shadowing over her pensive face.
The lizard stops on its brim to listen,
The butterfly wavers dreamily near,
And the dragon-flies in their green mail glisten
And watch her, as pausing she drops a tear,—
Not as she stood in her August perfection!
Not as she looked in the freshness of June!
But gazing around with a tender dejection,
And a weary face like the morning moon.
The breeze through the leafy garden quivers,
Dying away with a sigh and a moan;
A shade o'er the darkening fountain slivers,
And summer, ghostlike, hath vanished and gone.

NARROW ESCAPE OF GENERAL GRANT

AFTER ONE OF HIS FIRST VICTORIES IN BELMONT, KY.

General Grant discovered that the enemy was sending steamer loads of troops across the river to a point above the camp, to intercept his retreat; and he was anxious to get back to his transports before they arrived. He attempted to form his lines again, but the men were too much disorganized to heed orders. The General then directed his staff officers to set fire to the camp in order to check the plunder. The smoke attracted the attention of the rebels at Columbus, who opened fire upon the Unionists. Shot and shell brought them to a sense of their duty; the line was formed, and they marched towards the steamers, three miles distant.

The defeated rebels, under the bank of the river, having been reinforced by the arrival of three regiments from Columbus, marched to a point which enabled them to intercept the victorious army. An officer, on discovering the fact, dashed furiously up to the cool commander, and in a highly excited tone cried, "We are surrounded!"

"Well, if that is so, we must cut our way out, as we cut our way in," replied Grant, apparently unmoved, even by this tremendous circumstance.

His troops were brave men, but such a disaster as being surrounded suggested to their inexperience only the alternative of surrender, and, under many commanders such a result must have been inevitable. What paralyzes the soldier often produces the same effect upon the leader; but Grant was not "demoralized." No apparent reverses could exhaust his unconquerable pluck; he never despaired, and worked up a situation out of which another could make nothing but defeat, until he brought forth victory.

"We have whipped them once, and I think we can do it again," added Grant, in the midst of the confusion which the unpleasant prospect caused.

The troops discovered that Grant had no idea of surrendering, and they gathered themselves up for a fresh onslaught. The confusion was overcome, and the little army charged the enemy, who fought less vigorously than earlier in the day, and were again forced behind the bank of the river. But, as fresh troops were continually arriving from Columbus, there was no time to be wasted, and Grant pressed on for his transports. There was no unseemly haste, certainly nothing like a rout, or even a defeat. Everything was done in as orderly a manner as possible with undisciplined troops.

Grant superintended the execution of his own orders in the embarkation of his force; and, when most of them were on board of the steamers, he sent out a party to pick up the wounded. In the morning he had posted a reserve in a suitable place for the protection of the fleet, and as soon as the main body were secure on the decks of the transports, Grant, attended by a single member of his staff, rode out to withdraw this force. This guard, ignorant of the requirement of good discipline, had withdrawn themselves, and the General found himself uncovered in the presence of the advancing foe. Riding up on a hillock, he found himself confronting the whole rebel force, now increased by fresh additions from the other side of the river. It was a time for an ordinary man to put spurs to his steed; but Grant had an utter contempt for danger. He stood still for a moment to examine the situation, during which he was a shining mark for rebel sharpshooters. He wore a private's overcoat, the day being damp and chilly; and to this circumstance alone can his miraculous escape be attributed.

He was looking for the party he had sent out in search of the wounded, and realized that they had been cut off by the foe. Turning his horse, he rode slowly back to the landing, so as not to excite the attention of his uncomfortable neighbors, who were pouring a galling fire into the transports. The steamers suffered so much from this destructive hail of bullets, that they had cast off their fasts and pushed away from the bank, leaving the General behind in the midst of the foe. Seeing how the thing was going, Grant put spurs to his horse, forcing the steed on his haunches down the bank, just as one of the steamers was swinging off from the shore. A plank was thrown out for him, up which trotted his horse, in the midst of a storm of rebel bullets.

The field being clear of National troops, the gunboats opened a fierce fire upon the rebel ranks, now within fifty or sixty yards of the shore, mowing them down with grape and canister in the most fearful slaughter. The fire of the rebels was fortunately too high to inflict any serious injury on the troops in the transports, and by five in the afternoon they were out of range.

The next day Grant met, under a flag of truce, an old classmate from West Point, then serving on General Polk's staff. He related his personal experience at Belmont, stating that he had encountered the rebel line when alone. The rebel officer expressed his surprise.

"Was that you?" exclaimed he. "We saw you. General Polk pointed you out as a Yankee, and called upon the men to test their aim upon you; but they were too busy in trying their skill upon the transports to heed the suggestion."

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGES.

It seems to me that personal religion is one important constituent of happy wedlock. Perhaps you think I say this in a kind of professional way, because it is the business of the parson to lug in religion somewhere in his treatment of every subject. Not so, young friends. It is the utterance of a deep conviction, for which good reasons can be given. When human beings are about to come into new relations, and to assume new and grave responsibilities, they can do no wiser thing than to seek wisdom and grace from the Great Teacher. This relation is one of the most important that we ever assume; the responsibilities and duties connected with it are among the most weighty and delicate that are ever placed in our hands, and if we need the grace of Christ in anything, we need it in the manifold cares and labors of this sphere of life.

Friendship never exists between two persons unless there is something in which they agree and sympathize. Just in proportion as the objects in which they sympathize are high and noble, will their friendship be pure and lasting. For this reason, those who are to be joined together in a lifelong friendship should seek to strengthen that friendship by a common interest in the highest and most sacred objects. And because there are no objects so high and sacred as those for which Christians labor, it follows that there can be no bond of friendship so strong as a common interest in the truths and the labors and the blessings of Christianity. Though there are many husbands and wives who live happily together, and are kind and faithful to each other, who are not Christians, yet, doubtless, the bond of union between them would be strengthened, their joy in each other would be increased, their love for each other would be tenderer and purer, if they were able to kneel together in the sanctuary of the happy home and tell the story of their thankfulness and their contrition and their common need to the Father in heaven.—*Gladden's Plain Thoughts.*

It was a noble sentiment and a great truth which Judge Talfourd died in uttering. "That which is wanted to hold together the bursting bonds of the different classes of this country, is not kindness but sympathy."

THERE would be far more of mutual esteem and respect between the aristocracy and democracy did they know each other better.

If disposed to be exacting, let your heaviest demands be made upon yourself.

THE HOME TABLE.

BESSIE BELL.

Dear mother, why do all the girls
Love little Bessie Bell?
I've often thought it o'er and o'er,
And yet I cannot tell.
My favorite cousin always was
Dear gentle cousin Bess;
But why the girls all love her so,
Indeed I cannot guess.

She's not so pretty, half, as Kate;
Her hair don't curl like mine;
Candies and cake she never brings
To school, like Caroline;
She has no garden large and fine
Like Amy, Grace, and Jane;
No coach, like Rose, to take us home,
When falls the snow or rain.

She's no piano, like Christine,
Nor harp like Julia May,
Parties she never had but one,
That on her last birth-day.
Money she never seems to have,
She has but one silk dress;
Why is it, mother, all the girls
So love dear little Bess.

They hear her gentle voice, my child,
And see her mild, soft eye,
Beaming around on every one
With love and sympathy.
They see her striving every hour
For others' happiness;
These are some reasons why the girls
So love sweet little Bess.

She never speaks an unkind word,
She's never passionate;
I never knew her to complain,
Or tease, or scold, or fret.
She's lowly in her own esteem,
She's gentle, kind, and true,
The blessed Bible is her guide,
Its laws she keeps in view.

The widowed mother's heart she cheers
By love and tenderness,
And by her daily walk with God,
And growth in holiness.
Sweet Bessie is a Christian child,
She loves the Saviour dear,
One of the lambs of his own flock,
She has no want or fear.

Money which other children spend
In candies, toys, and cake,
She carries to the poor and sick—
She loves them for Christ's sake.
Poor old black Dinah down the lane,
She reads to every day,
And ne'er forgets it, though sweet Bess
Is very fond of play.

And now, my little daughter dear,
Would you be loved like Bess,
Go, ask of God to change your heart
From pride and selfishness.
Better than beauty, rank, or gold,
To be like little Bess,
Clothed in the spotless garment
Of the Saviour's righteousness.

—Youth's Penny Gazette.

EARLY CONVERSIONS.

The candidates for admission to the Wesleyan Conference give their experience. At the last session almost all that spoke testified to their early acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour. Their words should encourage every parent and elder friend or relative of children to talk with and pray for their little ones, and should also lead the children to Him. Read these precious words, children, and go and do likewise.

JOHN A. BARROWCLOUGH, B. A., said—It is my happiness to be the son of pious parents. My father is a minister in connection with this Conference. I do not remember the time when I was not favored with the ministrings of the Holy Spirit, and when I did not entertain desires to be saved. My mother was accustomed to take me with her to her closet; thus she taught me to use private prayer and the reading of the Scriptures that I might attain conversion. When I was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, while on a visit to home from Woodhouse Grove, I was engaging in such exercises when the words of my Saviour, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee; go in peace," came home to my heart. I was enabled to lay hold of Christ as my Saviour, and thus found peace with God. Amid the temptations of a large school God enabled me to retain the faith.

EDWIN DIXON said—I thank God that his Spirit strove with me many times when I was only six or seven years of age. When about twelve years of age, however, I was led by divine Providence to enter into a pious family; that of a godly man whose name is well known. On the very first day he said to me—Edwin, you're not converted, I intend to make it my daily prayer that you may be brought to God. Many a time in the midst of the day he spent half an hour in earnest prayer with me and for me. But I revolted for a long time, perhaps a year or eighteen months. But one New Year's Day I went to the Sunday School teachers' tea meeting; and while they were telling what God had done for them and by them during the year, the Holy Ghost was poured out, and the public meeting was turned into a prayer meeting. Several of the younger teachers and elder scholars were converted; four of these are now in the ministry; and, thank God, I am one of the four. Then, being justified by faith, I had peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and I have peace now.

JAMES F. BELFIELD said—When a boy I used to read every book I could lay hands on. Among others, Dr. Kitto's Bible attracted me by its illustrations. In reading it I was led to feel a deep conviction of my own sinfulness, and this caused me the greatest possible sorrow for eighteen months. So great was my sorrow that it seemed to overpower my spirit, and even to affect my bodily health. At length I went to hear the Rev. Thomas Jones, then a student. In the application of his sermon he recommended those who felt their sins to acknowledge it publicly. I went to the penitential-form, but could not tell the state of my mind, and I left the chapel in a confused condition. However, during the night following I suddenly woke up, and felt that God was my Father. The room in which I was seemed full of light. I felt that Jesus Christ was all my hope, and as I trusted in him my sorrow fled away. Immediately I began to speak to others, and at length was led by God's grace to preach his Word. God has since then given me souls for my hire.

JOHN D. BRASH said—From the age of seven I have felt the ministrings of the Holy Spirit. If, at that early age, any one had taken me by the hand and led me to Christ, I believe I might then have enjoyed the favor of God. At the age of thir-

teen these gracious feelings were deepened. I then went to various churches in Edinburgh feeling after something. I did not know what it was; I had never heard of the forgiveness of sins. I listened to different ministers, hoping I might hear what would bring peace to my soul, but in vain. At length I removed to Glasgow, and in the Methodist chapel there I heard the Rev. John Hay preach on "Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting." I felt under that sermon as I had never felt before, and the result was that I attended that chapel every Sunday night for a year, getting more and more light. I felt I must give up all for Christ, and yet I could not do this; I was not willing to surrender to God's terms. Still a strong fascination drew me to the chapel, and I could not stay away. At length Mr. and Mrs. Palmer came to hold special services, and during those services, under a sermon preached by Mr. Appleby on "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation," I found peace with God.

ALBERT CLAYTON said—Even from infancy I was conscious of the influence of God's Spirit. By the grace of that good Spirit I was saved from falling into grievous sin, but was guilty of much heart rebellion. I am thankful for the memory of pious parents, thankful that I was brought under the influence of Gospel preaching, thankful for my connection with our church. While in this place I have been thinking over many sermons that were useful to me, and many ministers who assisted in training me in the knowledge of the truth. To-night I am thankful for the Methodist ministry, and for having been brought by it to Christ.

W. G. DICKIN said—It was my privilege to have pious parents, who early taught me to love God. I owe very much to the prayers of my honored father, who long labored in this ministry. In my earliest years I was drawn to give my heart to God; I went to Woodhouse Grove School, and soon saw the difference between those who loved the Lord and those who cared not for religion. I sought and found the Saviour.

ALBERT BISHOP said—The Holy Spirit produced in me the conviction of sin chiefly by means of Sabbath School instruction. Though, by the preventing grace of God I had been kept from flagrant sin, yet I felt that I had dishonored God, and that the Saviour's love to me had been unrequited. I sought God's pardoning mercy in penitent and believing prayer, but the answer to my prayer was not attained immediately. For some weeks I felt the wormwood and the gall. The reason for this delay seemed to me at the time incomprehensible, but I have often since had cause to praise God for bringing me in such a way to himself. I have found that having myself had so bitter an experience, I have been the better able to sympathize with other sorrowing souls, and to preach deliverance to the captive. At length, while one Sunday morning I was pleading with God, he was pleased to speak comfortable words to my heart. At once all sense of condemnation fled away. I could say, "Because Thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee." Soon afterwards an inward conviction of duty, produced in my heart, as I believe, by the Spirit of God and the call of the church, led me to call sinners to repentance.

THOMAS CLOSE said—That which led immediately to my conversion was a little book—the history of two boys—one of them good, the other bad. I gathered from these records that the way of transgressors is hard. I resolved to choose the better part. It was Sunday, and God spoke peace to my soul.

A PIG THAT HAD A CHANCE.

A STORY FOR THE WEE ONES.

Most pigs never have any chance to be respectable. They are fed on the coarsest food and shut up in a dirty pen, where they have no freedom and no society, and not even pure air and a clean bed. If a little boy should be shut in a pig-pen and fed upon slops, and should have nobody to teach him or talk to him or play with him, he would grow up coarse and brutal if he lived to grow up at all. I once knew a pig who had a good time the first half year of his life, and as it is a true story I will tell you all about it.

When he was about a month old he was very plump and pretty, with white bristles over a pink skin, and the farmer who owned him took a fancy to him and resolved to give him a chance to improve. So he took him from his dirty little brothers and sisters, and gave him a nice little shed all to himself; in the shed was a soft bed of clean straw, and the door was left open. It was only the pig's bedroom where he slept at night and in wet weather. In pleasant days he ran about the yard and over the green in front of the house, and he would have gone into the house if a friend of his had not taught him better. This friend was Mattie, the farmer's little daughter. She had entire charge of the pig, and fed him three times a day with sweet brown bread and milk, and often ran and played with him as if he had been a dog. He was very fond of Mattie, and when she sat down in the doorway he would come and lay his head in her lap. It was a clean head, for his bed was clean and his food was clean, and he was very often washed; I have seen many boys and girls in Springfield who were dirtier than this little pig.

He knew a great deal, too, and he had but one fault, but that was a sad one, and made his friend Mattie a great deal of trouble. He insisted on following her wherever she went, except when she went in the house. If she picked violets or strawberries he was always with her, and she never could visit her little playmates without his "tagging," as children call it. One day she set out when he was fast asleep, and ran down the road out of sight round a turn. Very soon she heard piggy trotting after, so she climbed a wall and hid herself behind it, waiting till he should go by. But she could not deceive him in that way. When he came near where she was, he stopped and said, "ugh! ugh!" and began to smell in the bushes, and soon after there was a great clatter among the stones, and the head of the pig came over the wall where the child was hiding. He was delighted to find her, and she could not make him understand that he was troublesome. So at last this bad habit was the cause of his death. He grew larger and heavier than herself, and often knocked her down in his clumsy gambols, without in the least meaning it; she was obliged to complain to her father, and the pet pig went where all other pigs go. He died and was buried in the pork-barrel.—*Springfield Republican.*

BIBLE RECREATIONS, NO. 2.

1. What king mentioned in the Bible was very fond of farming?
2. What heathen is called "a righteous man?"
3. What prophet was threatened with death by the inhabitants of his native town, in case he continued to prophesy?

4. On what occasion did the principal of a school accompany the students to fell timber?—*Sabbath at Home.*

Answer to Enigma No. 23.

"The wicked shall be cut off from the earth."—PROV. II. 22.

FROM HERE AND THERE.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

OR, THE OLD DON AND THE YOUNG DISSENTER.

Respectfully dedicated to DR. PUSEY and the Methodist Ministry in Conference assembled.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to Conference, Sir," she said—

"Sir," she said—

"I'm going to Conference, Sir," she said.

"Shall I write you a letter, my pretty maid?"

"Just as it pleases you, Sir," she said—

"Sir," she said—

"Just as it pleases you, Sir," she said.

"Shall we make one of it, my pretty maid?"

"Name your conditions, Sir," she said—

"Sir," she said—

"Name your conditions, Sir," she said.

"How about Oxford, my pretty maid?"

"The less on't the better, Sir," she said—

"Sir," she said—

"The less on't the better, Sir," she said.

"As 'twixt me and Coleridge, my pretty maid?"

"Of the two, Mr. Coleridge, Sir," she said—

"Sir," she said—

"Of the two, Mr. Coleridge, Sir," she said.

"Then I've nothing to say to you, my pretty maid."

"Nob dy asked you, Sir," she said—

"Sir," she said—

"Nobdy asked you, Sir," she said.

—Punch.

AN ACUTE REPLY.—Those who are fond of logical entanglements, and can appreciate their felicitous unravelling, will be pleased at a trait recorded in proof of the acuteness of old Mendelssohn, the philosopher, as the father of the great composer was called. In his presence some young sophist propounded this paradox: If the saying that there is no rule without exception be true, how fares it with the truth of that maxim itself? Mendelssohn's way out of the dilemma was this, in the case in point, the rule was its own exception. It takes some time to see it when you are not accustomed to dialectics; but the answer is perfect.

A London journal makes a literary estimate as follows: "If twelve men were employed for twenty-four hours per day (allowing neither for sleep nor meals) in reading, at the rate of eight words per minute, they would barely keep up with the volumes published in London alone. In this estimate tracts and sermons are not included, but if magazines, reviews and newspapers were added to the task, it would require upwards of forty men."

Not that we would deny or question the earnestness and consecration always—the tact, eloquence and logical power often—displayed by the early Methodist preachers. If any have doubts on these points let them read these volumes and doubt no longer. Nay, let them open their eyes to the dimensions, the vigor, the power of the church, which, under God, these men founded, and nurtured into such robust life—the largest religious body in America to-day, and growing more rapidly perhaps in numbers and influence the country through than any other.—*The Liberal Christian.*

"Did you know," said a cunning Gentile to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?" "Indeed!" retorted Solomon, "den it ish veil dat you and I ish not dere."

The above recalls the *entre* into the M. E. ministry of a somewhat eccentric minister in this Conference, lately deceased. His admission was opposed by many in the Conference, and on the occasion on which he was to preach his trial sermon he found not only the usual Conference Committee in his audience, but also the most part of the entire Conference. Abandoning the text assigned him, (somewhere in the Gospels, it is said,) he chose another in Genesis: "By the life of Pharaoh! ye are all spies, and to spy out the nakedness of the land are ye come;" and preached with such point and force that his opponents yielded, and he became one of the most popular preachers in the Conference.—*American Presbyterian.*

"The tap-root of science is the ancient maxim that out of nothing, nothing comes; that neither in the inorganic world nor in the organic is power produced without the expenditure of other power; that neither in the plant nor in the animal is there a creation of force or motion.—*Tyndall.*

Faith! what is it? Yesterday a little boy in my office was sent on an errand to a strange place, but returned saying he could not find it. I asked him what he thought was the reason. He said "he guessed he didn't really believe he could find the place." I told him he lacked faith, and asked him if he knew what I meant. He said, "Yes, sir; faith is believing what we can't see." "Now, Clarence," said I, "do you now believe there is such a place? Do you believe I have been there? Do you believe you can find it?" "Yes, sir," and away he ran, and soon returned, reporting his success.

And just so would it be with us, if we really and truly believed that God is, and that he is the rewarder of all those that diligently seek him and trust in him.—*The Church Union.*

If your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe, with proper care,
Of whom you speak to whom you speak,
And how and when and where.

Mercy has eyes that pierce the ages—sees
From heights divine of the eternal purpose
Far scattered consequences in its vast sum;

George Eliot.

TO THE END AND BACK AGAIN.

To the end of what? To the end of the Union Pacific Railroad, of course! Where is that? Cannot tell to-day; can only tell where it was a few days ago.

We left the "hub" for the terminus of the Pacific Railroad in company with our old friend, Prof. Blair, of McKendree College, by way of the Grand Trunk, which for a summer trip is a most delightful route. Our ride from Portland to Montreal is through one of the most mountainous regions in all New England. Mount Washington, upon whose brow rests a cloud-cap dark as night, looks frowningly upon you, seeming to say, "You can pass this time, stranger;" while other peaks less lofty guard the road on either side.

The Island Pond House, kept by our old friend Waterhouse, is one of the best houses to be found on any line of travel in New England; and Island Pond is a delightful summer resort.

Our stay in Montreal is only long enough to visit the French Cathedral at 7 A. M., and witness the celebration of Mass by some half dozen priests and half a hundred nuns, with crosses, burning tapers, chants, and any amount of religious nonsense. This church is an immense structure, capable of seating 15,000 persons. We were permitted to ascend the tower—150 feet—from the top of which a fine view of the city, country, and the beautiful St. Lawrence is had. The bell swinging in this tower weighs 34,780 pounds.

To the credit of the Grand Trunk be it said, that the most comfortable night's rest on our whole route was in the sleeping cars on that road.

CHICAGO.

Two days and a night brings us to Chicago, the great and growing city. If you have a taste for real western eloquence, just stir up a genuine citizen of Chicago on the future prospects of his city, and it comes

"Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,"

until you seem perfectly bewildered and overwhelmed with the proportions of the world's metropolis. Boston is a little seaport village; New York would be something if it were not so far from Chicago, but as it is, it has no glory by reason of the glory which excelleth. Well, who blames them? Chicago is a big city, and growing wonderfully every year.

We visited the book room, paid our respects to the new editor, took a look at Grace Church, which does not compare in architectural beauty with one of the same name at the "hub."

We swept around to Wabash Avenue and shook hands with the able pastor, Dr. Fowler; no, not D.D., for such he assures us he is not and never has been. He has not had even a chance to "respectfully decline the distinguished honor," by which some secure more honor than by accepting it, and many others might do the same.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Another night and day over the "Chicago and Northwestern Railway" brings us to Council Bluffs, where the Des Moines Conference is in session, Bishop Simpson presiding.

Council Bluffs is an old Mormon town, and some of their little log huts still stand to mark the first stopping-place of this strange people in their flight from Na'voo in 1845, after the death of Jo. Smith. Thousands of them built their huts in these beautiful ravines and on the plain below. The town is surrounded on the east, west and south by high bluffs, from the top of which enchanting views may be obtained of a vast country around. The Missouri River on the west, three miles away, and Omaha beyond, and a vast plain on the south are full in view, and the bluffs on three sides of the town, make it a most delightful spot. As a business point, it has many advantages over Omaha, but it is wanting in enterprise. The two towns must eventually be one. Methodism stands well in this town. Their church edifice is a substantial brick structure, costing about \$25,000, \$7,000 of which were raised by the ladies in a "Mite Society." These are sisters worth having. The church stands on the very spot where once stood one of the most notorious gambling saloons ever known in this country—"The Ocean Wave." Here men met to drink, swear, gamble, and murder; for men have been murdered on this spot. A man arose in the Conference Love Feast and with great pathos remarked, that he felt it his duty to speak for Jesus on the spot where he spent three years in learning to gamble and blaspheme.

THE DES MOINES CONFERENCE.

now in session, is one of the Iowa Conferences, and takes its name from the Des Moines River. It has a fine territory, but not thickly settled as yet. The members of this Conference seem to be a hardy, hard working class of men. The Conference numbers about eighty members. The largest salary paid, according to their minutes, is \$1200. Only three charges pay over \$1000; and only four charges pay less than \$400. The average salary in the Conference is about \$520.

It does seem that here, so far out of the world, there would be no special necessity for the passage of resolutions against transfers, such as our Eastern Conferences are sometimes foolish enough to do. But so it is. A church desired to be supplied by a minister from some other Conference, whereupon a resolution against special transfers was introduced, vehemently discussed and passed. We have never known a Conference to pass such an un-Methodistic resolution which was not very soon thereafter knocking at the doors of all the Conferences around them for men.

Dr. Kynett, in his address at the Anniversary of the Conference Church Extension Society, made some remarks which we hope will be repeated at all the Western Conferences. He stated that the time had come when the West must take care of itself; must build its own churches and supply its own population with church sittings; that they were better able to do it than eastern cities were to take care of themselves. He remarked that Iowa was vastly better supplied with church accommodations than Philadelphia, or almost any other large eastern city.

CONFERENCE SABBATH.

The love feast was a delightful season. Two things struck me as a little strange for this country, viz., the utter silence of the sisters, upon whom the General Conference has bestowed the elective franchise, and the absence of earnest responses. New England in these respects, is far ahead of the West, and

yet we are regarded by our western brethren as a stiff, Puritanic, unimpressible people. There is more spiritual power in the East than in the West, among Methodists.

Bishop Simpson preached a good sermon in the A. M., to about seven hundred and fifty—all the church could hold. Dr. Kynett preached a creditable sermon in the P. M., to a sweltering congregation; and Dr. Cray, of the Central, preached a very entertaining sermon in the evening, on the "Office and Work of the Holy Ghost." It was a day of unusual interest to the people of Council Bluffs.

OMAHA.

Monday we go to Omaha. But who cares to hear anything about Omaha? Its very name suggests to a New Englander a whole *Traité* of gas, and brag and bluster, etc. But Omaha has never been overrated. It is a wonderful town—far exceeding all our ideas of it, with respect to size, beauty and enterprise. But it is not our purpose to describe the town. Stopping a day or two at the International, we were introduced to that old war veteran, General Harney. The General is sixty-eight years of age, and has been in the service fifty years, nearly all the time on our western frontier, looking after the Indians. He remarked that he felt none of the infirmities of age, except dimness of vision; that he could run as fast, walk as far and jump as high as he ever could; and that he never saw the day that he could not outrun the fleetest Indian he ever met, on a mile heat. He says he never used tobacco in any form, never played cards, and is "a very poor drinker." Well may he be hale and hearty. Learning that we were from Boston, he expressed his great admiration of the place, where, he says, fifty years ago he commenced his military career at Fort Warren. He was frank to state that once in Salem he got the biggest licking, and the only one in his life, which taught him a lesson he never forgot.

Politics are rife even in Nebraska. We accidentally attended two out-door meetings—one Democratic, the other Republican. We confess to having been greatly amused and not a little edified. We listened to a speech from the Democratic candidate for Governor of Nebraska, and we saw more fully than ever the truthfulness of the communication of the son to the father, requesting him to come West, where he might secure promotion, as mighty men get into office there. We have never heard a man make a public address on any subject who seemed so utterly ignorant of his mother tongue. To put such a man in such an office would be a disgrace to any State. But there is not the most distant prospect of his election, as the Republicans will carry the State by large majorities. The Republican meeting was presided over by our friend, Hon. and Rev. G. W. Frost, who is candidate for the State Senate. The meeting was really a grand display of more than six hundred torches, though on a wet and most uncomfortable night. Hon. Mr. Thayer, Senator from Nebraska, was the chief speaker. There is no doubt as to Nebraska going for Grant and Colfax.

Dr. B. F. Cray, Rev. B. St. J. Frye, of St. Louis, and Rev. Mr. Notts, of Des Moines, unite with us in making a trip to the end of the Union Pacific Railroad, and if there is anything to be said, not already made public to the readers of THE HERALD, which may be of interest, we will have our eyes open to see, and will faithfully relate the same.

W. M. D.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Every young man who hopes to share in the legislative honors of his State or Nation within the next twenty-five years, should give his days and nights to the study of political economy until he masters the complex problems of "Value," "Exchange," "Production," "Labor," "Capital," "Rent," "Money," "Currency," and "Credit." The coming issues in politics, (apart from the inevitable question of woman's rights which will be quickly settled,) will turn on taxation, banking, currency and the tariff. Parties will re-organize on these issues; and the welfare of the Republic will be largely influenced by the decision of the people on them. It is not only the duty, therefore, but the interest of citizens to gain some knowledge of these important subjects before they enter into the field of partisan debate, and are presented footstooled with party fancies and half-hidden in the dust of party strife.

The best American books on "Political Economy" that are accessible and not bulky, are Champlin's, Wayland's Perry's, and Amasa Walker's. Wayland's "Elements of Political Economy" (published by Gould & Lincoln,) has had an enormous circulation, and is altogether one of the best American manuals on the subject for beginners.

A newer work by Prof. Champlin, of Colby University, ("Lessons in Political Economy," A. S. Barnes & Co.) gives the rudiments of this science in a clear and popular shape, and is less discursive than Wayland's, and full as well adapted for a text-book.

For those who have mastered the rudiments of the science, Perry's "Elements of Political Economy," (published by Charles Scribner & Co.,) is almost indispensable. Clear, fresh, trustworthy, but never too technical for the people, it is a book that we hope to see scattered by the tens of thousands in every State. If every member of Congress had studied it four years ago, the national debt and national burdens would have been lessened by many millions of dollars to-day. The financial and economical blunders of the last two Congresses would have ruined any party if it had been opposed by other than an organization of reactionists who are blind to every sign of the times.

"The Science of Wealth; a Manual of Political Economy," (published by Little, Brown & Co.,) embracing the laws of Trade, Currency, and Finance," by Amasa Walker, is the best book on our list, and in many respects, the most important of them all. It is distinguished for its lucid arrangement of topics, its sound logic, its irresistible deductions. It is not a book for young people; they must master Wayland and Perry before attempting this work. It is especially satisfactory and trustworthy in its discussions of the currency, as also is its treatment of taxation and the national debt. We commend a paragraph from Mr. Walker's book to the attention of our clerical readers:

That political economy is a science having nothing to do with morals or religion, nor in any way appertaining to human welfare, except so far as relates to the production and accumulation of wealth is a common opinion; but it may be fearlessly asserted that no other science is so intimately connected with the destiny of the human race in its highest and most enduring interests. Such has been the uniform testimony of those in the clerical profession who have given special attention to its teachings. Dr. Chalmers, while he held the Chair of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, gave lectures upon 'Political Economy.' In the preface to the volume he published upon the subject he says: 'We cannot bid adieu to Political Economy without an earnest recommendation of its lessons to all who enter upon the ecclesiastical profession.' Rev. Dr. Bethune spoke of 'Political Economy' as that philanthropic science which, next to the gospel, whose legitimate offspring it is, will do more than anything else for the elevation and fraternization of our race."

FOURTEEN WEEKS IN ASTRONOMY, by J. Dorman Steele (A. S. Barnes & Co.,) is a good succinct introduction to the oldest and yet grandest of the sciences. It is well fitted for a one term study at our seminaries.

FOUL PLAY, by Charles Reade (Ticknor & Fields,) is one of the very best stories. Far purer than Griffith Gaunt, as piquant in character, more exciting in treatment, and better stocked with information, and far more beautiful in its leading personages. It is a wholesome and valuable tale. Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" and "Robinson Crusoe," are two of its sources, but it surpasses both of these in some essential features. Its characters are better than either, as it is also in its denouement. We commend Mr. Reade for giving us a fine specimen of a man that is also a minister. It is as he says, a character new in fiction though common enough in real life. If Dickens and Holmes would learn a lesson from it, it would be well for them and their readers. The chief error is in his American captain, whose character is American but not his language. No Englishman ever heard one talk thus any more than an English sea captain talks the Yorkshire or Cumberland dialect. What would Mr. Reade say to the captain of an English merchant vessel in the East Indies being represented after the fashion of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer?" The amount of labor bestowed on this work should be a lesson to every writer. Its studies of the Pacific Ocean in its islands and products are remarkable. We hope he will write many more stories as good in moral and brilliant in treatment as "Foul Play."

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION, Harper & Bros., is by far the best popular work on the war that has been or will be published. Got up at great expense, full of illustrations, connecting every event with pictures places and men, it will grow more and more popular as time carries us away from the hour. What would we not give for such a history of the Revolution, or of Napoleon's career, or Caesar's, or Alexander's. Lossing has worked hard to gather up the fragments of the Revolution. Here we have the full story of a greater war. Every body should make it a point to possess this history.

THE OPIUM-HABIT, WITH SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE REMEDY, Harper Bros. The best remedy for this habit, as for that of tobacco, is to shun it altogether. The habit will grow with the growth of luxury. Stimulants indulged demand a stronger, and tobacco will need opium, as wine does whisky. The preface declares the volume is compiled chiefly for opium eaters. It is news to us that this class is large enough to call for such a volume. It describes the well known victims De Quincey and Coleridge, and those less known, Robert Hall, John Randolph and William Wilberforce. It prints a call of Fitz Hugh Ludlow for an opium hospital. It tells how to get cured. The best way is never to get sick. We hope the book will be without a sale for lack of the public it is prepared for. If any are thus sinning, let them buy it. Let it be put into the hands of the California legislators, who should by law forbid the raising of the poppy already introduced there, as should other States forbid their distilleries and wine presses.

THE PIRATE concludes the Waverley series of Ticknor & Fields. No better issue of these best of novels is in the market. Every library that indulges in this class of works should get this set.

The Ladies' Repository for September has two very fine engravings, "Old Jesuit Mission Church," and "Wayside Popularity." Its subscribers are hardly aware that it costs five thousand dollars annually to supply this department alone, and nowhere is it as well supplied. Among its contents is an interesting article on Kepler, by Prof. Reuvelt, a geologic one on "The Prairie," "A Bohemian Journal," by George Prentice, so completely in style that it might have been written in New York, and we "guess" was written "as far away as Paris is." It is in Mr. Prentice's best vein. Dr. Crane preaches a powerful sermon on "A Dying Man's Thoughts." Other papers and "poetry" make up a handsome number of the handsomest American Magazine.

Merry's Museum (H. B. Fuller) is a museum of good things both merry and wise. "Pets and sports in Tasmania," "Temptation," "Will's Wonder Book," "The Royal Tiger," and a half dozen such, fill its wide awake pages.

NEW MUSIC FROM O. DITSON & Co.—Midnight Serenade, song; Campaign Song, Keep the ball a rolling; My Mother's Name, ballad; Aileen, A song or duet and chorus; Long Branch Galop; Polka Brilliant.

Publications Received since our Last.

From E. P. Dutton & Co.—Sermons by H. P. Liddon: Kinglake's Crimes, Vol. 2.
From Clark & Maynard, New York—N. P. Willis's Sacred Poems.
From Roberts Brothers—Tablets, Brownson: A Book about Boys, Hope.
From A. Williams & Co.—The Sierra Magazine.
From Gould & Lincoln—Green Mountain Stories, 5 vols. Carters: Yesterday, To-Day, and Forever, Bickersteth, Carters; Beesie and her Friends, Matthews, Carters.
Littell's Living Age; Bulletin of the Boston Public Library; The Home Guardian; Putnam's Monthly; Galaxy for October; Riverside Magazine for October; Sabbath at Home; Boys and Girls Magazine.
The Atlantic, Harper's Monthly, and Our Young Folks Monthly Magazine, for October.

THE HERALD.

TERMS, \$3.50 per year. Clergymen, \$3.00—in advance.

READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. All leased articles, not credited to other journals, are original.

Every article must be accompanied by the name of the author, for the use of the editor, not for publication.

Articles published with the names of the authors are not necessarily expressive of the views of this journal.

Obituaries must be sent within three months of the deaths of the persons described; marriages and deaths within three weeks of their occurrence.

NOW FOR THE CANVASS.—The summer vacation is over. The camp meetings are concluded. Our brethren can now go to work for THE HERALD. Do not wait till January. This is a better time of the year to visit the brethren and get subscribers. We offer our paper at the very best terms for subscribers, lower than that of almost any journal of its size and character. Lange's Commentary we offer as a prize at far less than you can obtain it otherwise. Quite a number have secured it. Every minister can if he will. The *Riverside Magazine* is to be improved, if that is possible, with the October number. Only three new subscribers and \$7.50 will get this prize for every child. Get children in your church that will make the effort. Let all our friends read our prizes on the second page of the outside and go to work.

WANTED, OCT. 1ST, 3,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—This number can be easily obtained by our faithful agents, the ministers, if they will. You can do no better work than to put THE HERALD into the hands of every family of our congregations, and many outside. Five cents a week will pay for it! Who can afford to be without it?

THE END OF CAMP MEETINGS.

Some weeks since this heading looked inappropriate. It needed explanation. Now its significance is clear. Then it referred to the object of the coming gatherings, now it means their conclusion. For the past sixty days probably not less than five hundred, perhaps not less than a thousand of these gatherings have been held. Had the South been in a peaceable state this last figure would have been reached and exceeded. It is too late to defend this institution of the Church. As well defend Democracy before the tottering thrones of Europe. It is an acknowledged power. It still, however, like that, meets with a few who shrug their shoulders, and dignifiedly declare its nature and works to be evil. It still finds those who dislike this or that peculiarity pertaining to it, and therefore proceed as they fancy to demolish it utterly. It has drawbacks, as every custom has, and must be careful, as must every good thing, that its own prosperity does not produce the usual result of popularity and breed its corruption and dissolution.

But one position the camp meeting has certainly attained. It is becoming an object of general consideration and discussion. Every daily reports its proceedings. Every religious sheet debates its character and tendencies. Some of them condemn it roundly, and speak of sober narratives of the wonderful influences of the sacred Spirit as "fine writing." Thus *The Advance* characterizes a devout, uncolored statement of one of our contributors. Others, like two of our own neighbors, quote the love feast testimonies of the disciples, and then dare to call the gatherings "religious picnics," and the expressions of Christian assurance "misguided enthusiasm."

Truly for all such Christian gainsayers one prayer should be breathed,—"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Camp meetings in some places have been severely and not too justly censured in *The Methodist* for the excesses they allow both on week days and the Sabbath. But the New England objectors to these meetings who have carefully quoted these criticisms have failed to note the fact that only three out of some thirty that are held in New England continue over the Sabbath. And in connection with these three there is probably no disorder on that day, except such as attends the quiet going and coming of great crowds to church. Sunday meetings are not common in this section; hardly, in our judgment, common enough. The ample preparation, the united churches, the opportunity to speak the truth to unconverted multitudes under new circumstances that may arouse conviction and lead to conversion, all point to the continuance of these meetings over the Sabbath. That they would be conducted quietly we have no doubt. A meeting of this sort was held by the Spirituality over the Sunday within six miles of this city. The horse cars debouched a great multitude all day long in the centre of the town, near which were four churches. Yet that populous street and those churches were not disturbed by this large multitude. They were as quiet as their own church goes. Not a booth, nor a drunkard, nor a disorderly sight marred the day. If the teaching had only been as correct as the people, it would have been most unexceptionable. It is foolish

to fancy that crowds coming to desert places would be disorderly. They are held in check in New England. The disorders reported by *The Methodist* and repeated in other religious journals have no existence here. The very few independent tents that are found at the mile end of some of our meetings—none are allowed nearer—are carefully watched, and are usually perfectly correct in their conduct. These yearly decrease, as the ground itself gives better and cheaper provision than they can supply. At the Poland Camp Meeting in Maine, Mr. Emerson, who has spent more time at these meetings than even the Rev. John Allen, he having been at sixty-six and stayed from end to end, informed us that when that meeting began booths stretched from the station to the ground, over half a mile; now not a tent is seen till the grounds are reached. Such is getting to be the case everywhere in this region.

But not only are these most orderly places; that is their least excellence. They are seasons of great spiritual power. Anything which will arouse the careless to a sense of his condition out of Christ is proper. Our ordinary usages do not always do this. Therefore extraordinary work is necessary. Tract distribution, especial meetings, protracted meetings, revivals, all these are right and successful instruments in this divine work.

Better than any of these is the camp meeting. It is fascinating from its nature. Woods are attractive always. Out-of-door services are also alluring. Combine these together. Plant the church in the forests. Put the preacher of Christ in the open air, and every one who hears feels a freshness in the most familiar voice and word. It is God's accompaniment to God's speech. There is thus a great addition to the spiritual power. From the unapproached and unapproachable beauty of the Vineyard, the St. Peter's of camp grounds, which is not unlike St. Peter's as compared with other Roman churches, in that it is full as ornamental as useful, down to the humblest "bush-meeting" gathered in the wildest region, there is a sensible influence of the Divine Spirit. We have visited this season meetings in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and have noted at all of them this deep and sacred Presence. Their tent meetings are seasons of great heart-searching, their prayers are full of penitence and confidence, their testimonies and exhortations are tender, apt and wonderfully influential; their singing full of sweetness, humility and thankfulness, full beyond compare of Christ their Saviour and their God.

The most precious of these hours is the love feast. A camp meeting love feast is the most heavenly place in Christ Jesus in which any body of believers meet together this side of the heavens themselves. Brief, extatic, compact declarations, permeated with short ringing lines of melody, no speeches or addresses, but "jewels five words long," they make an hour of such spiritual treasure as only those lodes in richest mines resemble, where in a few square feet of golden rock is crowded jasper, emerald, ruby, onyx, sapphire, every gem of earth in varied line and lustre, each perfect in beauty, each shining in its own radiance, all flashing with the glory of Him that had changed them from dull earth to such unspeakable splendor. These hours infinitely surpass such wonders of the mines. The gates and walls of the New Jerusalem are dull lead to the souls that there shine in the light and the love of the Lamb. They see his face, his name is written in their foreheads. Tears and shouts mingle together as old and young, male and female, black and white, declare the wonderful works of God.

If there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

The meetings this year have been marked with especial earnestness and devotion. The key-note was finely struck at Mannheim. It has been no less finely sustained. No flattening nor sharpening has marred the perfect minstrelsy. The churches are refreshed, souls by the thousand converted, and the Word of God has had free course and become glorified.

The Methodist Church will be slow to abandon this means of grace. She adopted it as she has every other, because it did what Grant and Nelson say is the first duty of warriors, "Get as near your enemy as you can, and then fight him." She found it put her near her enemy. She placed her ship alongside of his when she pushed into these fascinating waters. She put her army front to front and eye to eye with his when she changed the country muster to a preaching meeting, the military encampment, with its terrible dissipation, to a Christian encampment full of the power of the Holy Ghost.

Other churches will copy her. Already Dr. Osgood calls on his Unitarian people through *The Liberal Christian* to adopt this way of getting at the masses, though they will find if they ever adopt it that it means a good deal more than preaching, to which their theatre meetings are confined; it means prayer, song, en-

treaty, conversion, sanctification. May they soon establish them, if they will allow them to work their perfect work in the regeneration of their church in the blood of the Lamb. Already the Young Men's Christian Association are holding out-of-door meetings in our cities. Already the Christian ministry of all sects are lifting up their voice like their Master to the multitudes, preaching by the wayside. They will go farther, and either with us or in their own church sphere will they thus labor for the salvation of souls. Error has caught this gift, and is counterfeiting it. Let every Christian use it for the gospel and the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

There comes a time in the existence of every party, and alas, too often in that of every church, when its best members are constrained by their conscience toward God to leave it, and found a new form of truth which shall accomplish the new ends which the abandoned party declines to serve. The Federal party with which Washington sympathized, and which such great men as Hamilton and John Adams and John Jay created, was started to consolidate the disjointed and jarring colonies which had made common cause for their independence, and then felt unwilling to submit to the mutual restraints necessary for national name and power. Its work was done. The country was compacted, and it began to die. It refused to accept the new conditions, to meet the growing power of slavery as revealed in the passage of the Missouri Compromise. It refused to favor equal rights of Men or States. There was no further use for the once sovereign party; it died and was buried.

The Democratic, or as it was first called, the Republican party, had a deeper root, and has therefore had a longer and grander life. It was founded in principle, not in policy. It was based on the rights of man as man. But it joined with this the rights of States as States, a not necessary union, and one which has bred in it all its harm. As the Federal party did not need to add the false aristocratic or Hamiltonian principle to their central idea of a National Government, so the Democrats did not need to add the sovereignty of States to their central idea, the sovereignty of man. Both perished through their side issues. The former let its Hamiltonian doctrine set it against the rights of man. The latter let its States Rights dogma array it ultimately against its original idea—the rights of man, and both in consequence have seen corruption. With many fluctuations and variations these two parties never really lost a name to live, though they were dead, until the anti-slavery idea became organized and omnipotent. The Whig was but another name for the Federal party, and succeeded to its love of the nation or the Union, also to its dislike of the vital idea of manhood as the basis of human government.

From both the dying parties came the men who seized on the favorite and original doctrine of each, and out of them made the greatest and best party America has ever known. A party that recognizes the equal rights of every man as faithfully as Jefferson and Monroe and Samuel Adams, at the beginning of their party career, a party that clings as tenaciously to the great national or organic idea of the Union as firmly as did Hamilton or John Adams or Washington. They have no stain on their record, so far as manhood and the American Union are concerned. They fought for national existence against the odds of one half the national domain, and all the kings of Europe. Our fathers would not have created the nation had not France and other powers helped her. We have sustained it against France, and all the other powers actively co-operating with one third of our States, supplying them with stores, arms and vessels that swept our commerce from the seas, even erecting a hostile state on our Southern border that was to be a reserve corps for the "new-nation" which Mr. Gladstone declared Jefferson Davis had created.

Against these forces doing everything but putting their soldiers into the rebel armies, against the rebels themselves occupying the largest and best portions of the country, the Republicans, armed with the two original ideas of the two original parties of the republic, equal rights for all men, and one American government of United States, have fought and conquered.

Must it be said that this party is to be abandoned because it is unfaithful to its principles? Is it unfaithful? *It is!* Every idea is more fruitful than its possessors imagine. John Wesley never dreamed that he was to overthrow the established church and the British throne, and yet he did. He sowed the seed that will make democracy the law of England. Freewill is democracy. It can breed nothing else.

Jefferson hardly saw that his fundamental principle, "all men are created equal," was going to sweep away

slavery and caste, to make no negro nor white supremacy, but a happy blending of both peoples in one people whose God is the Lord. Yet Jefferson was the real father of John Brown, whose dying kiss of a black slave child only typified the living kisses white fathers in that same Virginia shall yet implant on their like colored children, legal and acknowledged and beloved and honored, and not as they have been, illegal, unacknowledged, hated and sold.

The Republican party has come to a point in its history when it must accept the ideas which its own principles create or be killed by them. Saturn may try to devour his offspring, but Jupiter his only son worth the saving, is not to be devoured. He dethrones his father, who will not share his seat with him.

The great central ideal of national life is not equal rights to any sin, but to virtue. This nation cannot exist as a free nation except on that basis. If it declares that liberty means the following out of any individual will, as Mill falsely and wickedly teaches, then as he asserts, no man can be punished for adultery nor for keeping a house of assignation. Since no one is compelled to these crimes, so no one can be constrained from them. Such logic would support Brigham Young in his abominations, and the Oneida community in its, and the free love arrangements in theirs, and vice become sovereign under the garb of liberty.

Liberty means liberty to do right. That is the liberty of heaven, and is the only liberty God will allow to prosper and abide on the earth. This is the central idea of the Republican party. It has been built up in this moral sentiment of liberty, in that only. It is now rejecting this idea. In Massachusetts it meets with a question that began the struggle for the mastery with its more prominent one of anti-slavery. Both have moved together to power in this State. As soon as she became anti-slavery she became prohibition. The legislature that elected Henry Wilson senator, passed the prohibitory law. The temperance men have fought both battles. Had they not worked for and with this party, it would have been as small and powerless to-day as when Birney was nominated; nay, it would never have lived at all. It won these double battles steadily and constantly until last year, when its most petted and beloved anti-slavery representative turned upon this twin reform, struck his party with dumbness, while he failed not to speak so loud that all the land and all the world heard his voice, tore it in twain and gave it over to the hands of the enemy, republican still in name, but false to every principle of the Republican party; for the last legislature was not a real friend or advocate of any truly republican principle. The Republican party, like Noah, had carried the human race in their political hopes and principles in its ark safe through the mighty deluge, and then lay beastly drunk at its very altar of preservation.

This year it adds insult to injury. It carries out the dumb policy on its platform, it puts purposely an avowed opponent of Prohibition on the ticket. Mr. Claflin is an old and faithful friend of this cause. They dared not organize for his defeat. If they had they knew right well that their party would be overthrown. Gen. Grant would have carried the State, and so would John Quincy Adams. The Republicans would have been broken asunder as a State power. Yet what they did is hardly less dangerous or insulting. They made Richard H. Dana chairman of their committee on Resolutions who had denounced Prohibition at the preliminary meeting of the previous evening, had declared license was the State policy of the party, and who was the ablest defender of this iniquitous policy and its vile bill in the legislature of last winter. He carried out his last year's policy, and did precisely what his sort did with the abolitionists in the old Whig party. He succeeds to Winthrop in character and position, and snubs this Christian policy and earnest idea of the people. The Convention also speaks, as well as is dumb. It elects by false voting a rum candidate for the second place on the ticket. The only contest between the Prohibitionists and rum party results in the defeat of the former.

What shall Prohibitionists do? There is but one honest and honorable course. "Follow the old lights." Select from the Republican ticket the men who are right, and put with them right associates. Question the candidates. If Mr. Tucker will support Prohibition, support him. If not, let Gen. Hawks, or Whiting Griswold or Charles Stevens or Oliver Ames or Mr. Bowman, or Robert C. Pitman, this last far more deserving than any other of our public men, take Captain Tucker's place. The cry that this is a soldier's nomination is all false; nay, not all. It is the nomination of soldiers of fortune. It was gotten up by the wicked secret liquor league. It must be rejected.

Thousands of Massachusetts Republicans will in no case vote for this candidate for Lieutenant Governor

unless he supports Prohibition. The parting of the ways may be reached. We may be compelled to separate ourselves from those we have worked with on this grand question of human rights so long, so happily and so successfully. We may be compelled to oppose as earnestly as we have commended this national party. Be it so. If the party is to ally itself with those who are filling our land with rum; if it is to refuse to put into its platform the very offspring of its own ideas; if it says we will labor to have the black man vote, but not the woman whose ballot is as just and as necessary to our national progress as that of any class of our fellow citizens; we will play neutral in this conflict of a generation, between the people and the rumseller, and practically surrender the party to the foes of liberty, as neutrality always does; then are its days numbered. Massachusetts as usual prepares the new cloth for the new garment. She will revive her old column of "scattering" if that need be, and bring it from the foot to the head, while the Republican party, false to its central and essential principles, false to the ideas of the hour, to the ever rising demands of the age, takes with shame and weakness the lowest seat, and descends to a needless and untimely grave.

PROSPECTS OF ZION'S HERALD.

VOLUME XLVI.

Standing in point of age at the head of church weeklies in this country, THE HERALD will endeavor to merit this position in all other respects. Its past guarantees its future. It was established by the Boston Wesleyan Association for the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church as an organ and supporter of that branch of the church of Christ. It has been from its start the bold and earnest ally of Christ and Him crucified. The heresies of a half a century ago, which proclaimed the ability of man to secure his own salvation without faith in the blood of Christ; which pronounced the Son of God to be by necessity a little lower than the angels, and not, as He and His Gospel declare that He is, One with the Father, co-equal, co-eternal God; which asserted the immediate salvation of all men without respect to their faith or their works; all these did it steadfastly resist. It proclaimed then, as it does now, a divine Trinity in Unity, the fallen nature of man and his only deliverance from it and its works here and forever by faith in the Son of God, a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice for sin, and a full and perfect salvation from sin; the impartial love of God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, to all men, and His infinite desire that all should come and be saved; the free-will of every man so that he accepts or rejects this divine proffer without constraint or compulsion; the unity and brotherhood of all believers; one holy catholic Church, filled and led, not by priestly pretensions or dead ceremonies, but by the spirit and love of the living God; and the Word of God given by Him through and with His servants that wrote as they were moved of the Holy Ghost as the sole source of Christian truth. While thus favoring the cardinal truths and principles of the Christian religion, it affirms that these can only be wrought out through the Christian church. Exercising charity towards all, and fraternity with all the bodies in Christ, it is still an organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and will advocate her doctrines and usages, not as being the only church of Jesus Christ, but as one of his living branches, to which He has given abundant fruit.

It has been, is, and will be the strenuous advocate of all the moral principles which are the direct and essential fruit of this Gospel. It will oppose every vice in high places or low, whether it clings to the chair of State or the altar of the Church; whether born of the passion, the pride, or the prejudice of man; whether falsely assuming to be the expression of human reason, or of the human heart. It will labor that the extirpation of all the causes and results of slavery shall follow the uprooting of that iniquity, and that caste, or the unchristian distinction between men and brethren on account of color or origin, shall come to an end in the church, the ministry, and society.

It will advocate Total Abstinence in its moral, religious and political demands; especially in the most imperative obligation upon States and the nation to protect their fellow-citizens from this most fruitful source of poverty, misery, vice and crime, by the Prohibition under effective penalties of the sale of all intoxicating drinks.

It will labor in every just way and by every righteous word at its command to bring every soul to the new birth and the new life in Christ. It will seek to build up society, as well as the individual, in all the virtues and graces of the Gospel, that it may assist, so far as in it lies, in presenting every soul and every State faultless before Christ Jesus.

THE HERALD will pay especial regard to the house-

hold, and supply such reading for the family as shall please and profit every member, however young or old. Among its writers for this department are such popular names as Rev. B. K. Peirce, D.D., Mrs. H. C. Gardner, Miss Augusta Moore, and "Willy Wisp."

It will give weekly attention to the work of the farmer and gardener. The editor of this department is one of the most successful agriculturists of New England, and late President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. It will give a full and correct statement of the stocks and the market, so that every one having money to invest, or produce to sell, or desiring to make purchases, will find it a reliable authority.

It has five regular editors employed in its various departments, and a corps of contributors unsurpassed in number or quality by any other journal in the land. Among its regular contributors are such eminent names as Rev. Bishop Thomson, Rev. Abel Stevens, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, Theodore Tilton, the Misses Warner, author of "Wide, Wide World," etc., Lucy Larcom, Rev. Dr. McClintock, Rev. Dr. William F. Warren, C. C. Hazewell, "Warrington," Rev. E. O. Haven, President of Michigan University, James Redpath, Rev. Prof. Newhall, Rev. H. N. Powers, Rev. Dr. Whedon, Rev. Dr. N. Adams, author of "Agnes," "Catherine," "The Cross in the Cell," etc., Phebe Cary, Judge Bond, Rev. W. S. Studley, and more than forty others.

Besides these, it has an ample corps of correspondents in the West, South, Europe and the East, who will supply the latest views of all the world in the best shape. Among the especial attractions of the coming volume will be a story by one of the most distinguished and popular writers of this class in America.

It will give especial attention to the condition and prospects of the Methodist Church, but will also give a liberal transcript of the movements of all the other Christian churches, so that to whatever denomination the subscriber may belong, he will find his own church fairly and fully represented in its columns.

THE HERALD is the size and shape of *Harper's Weekly*, and is published in the best style of print and paper. It is also cut and stitched, an improvement which no other newspaper but one or two of the smallest circulation have adopted. It thus comes in the best state, both for reading and preservation. The subscription price is only two dollars and half a year, payable in advance; and by its system of prizes and premiums it can easily be obtained by a little work, gratis. Send for specimen copies.

E. D. WINSLOW, Publishing Agent.

GILBERT HAVEN, Editor.

Boston, 11 Cornhill.

THE BLOODY KLAN.

[The following is from a well-known and responsible source, a gentleman in Tennessee. His name is withheld, as to publish it might mark him as a victim. The Methodist Church South press not only does not condemn, they apologize for these assassins.]

The Ku Klux Klan is no myth. Its ramifications extend to every county in the State. Its members are from the various walks in life, embracing the white-handed and gloved cavalry, and their sons; the guerrilla, who swelled the forces of that prince of guerrillas, Champ Ferguson, the rebel skulk, who kept out of harm's way when bullets were whistling; the old and the young, the rich and the poor; but all were actuated by a common impulse, all felt the thrill of a common inspiration—murderous hatred of the radicals for their loyalty, and base, contemptible hostility against the black man for the crime of being free.

Their doings have kept Tennessee in an uproar, and have agitated the whole country. They have endangered the lives of citizens, and disturbed the peace of the entire community. In eight counties named, viz., Maury, Abien, Lincoln, Giles, Marshall, Fayette and Gibson, these outrages have been most extreme and frequent. Yet all parts of Middle and West Tennessee have been swept by this murderous Klan, spreading terror and consternation into every hamlet and neighborhood.

In the last six months one hundred and fifty murders have been perpetrated, or one for every twenty-four hours, to say nothing of the uncounted instances of whipping and insult, which, because less fatal, were hardly announced in the public prints. All this, and more than we have described, or can, is attested by the evidence of nearly eighty credible witnesses. In the earnest language of the Legislative Committee appointed to examine the facts, the following summary is given:

Your Committee believe that during the past six months the murders in Tennessee, to say nothing of other outrages, would average one per day, or one for every twenty-four hours; that in the great majority of cases they have been perpetrated by the Klan referred to, and few, if any, have been brought to punishment. A number of counties in this State are entirely at the mercy of this organization, and roving bands of nightly marauders bid defiance to the city author-

ities, and threaten to drive out every man, white or black, who does not submit to their arbitrary dictation.

To add to the general lawlessness of these communities, bad men of every description take advantage of the circumstances surrounding them, and perpetrate acts of violence, from personal or pecuniary motives, under the plea of political necessity. Colored laborers have been driven from their homes by dishonest land owners, in order to deprive them of their share of the crops they cultivated, and the wages they have justly earned by their labor. Other outrages of similar character are daily committed, and the officers of the law are unable or unwilling to prevent or redress them.

The rebel General Forrest, of Fort Pillow memory, says the organized Ku Klux Klan numbers over 40,000 in Tennessee, and in all the South 550,000.

None too soon were the Legislature summoned in extra session to protect loyal citizens against these terrible marauders. None too thoroughly have they laid bare the revolting iniquities which have ripened into dark and bloody deeds. And yet we are told by the apologists for these outlaws that the Loyal Leagues oppress men, murder men; that the Brownlow party is an oppressive, tyrannous one.

As these unreconstructed rebels can surpass all ordinary criminals in their capacity for horrible, fiendish deeds, so can they far transcend them, both before and afterwards, in most infamous, unblushing falsehoods concerning their mischievous doings.

The Central (St. Louis) has a note on the caste question which is somewhat contrary to its usual faithful way of dealing with this sin. It "does not know a colored congregation that desires a white pastor, nor a white congregation that would prefer a colored minister." The last is undoubtedly true; the first perhaps it has not quite so faithfully searched out. We generally know more about our own family than our neighbors', and until white men cease to feel themselves that they are whites, they will not fully know the heart of those who are ostracised and outcasts on account of their complexion. It confesses however that their Conference has no difficulty about ministerial amalgamation.

We have in our Conferences both colored and white ministers, and they are appointed where they are needed. Nothing is said about the matter in Conference, and no distinction is made.

It acknowledges that this happy state of things does not exist below the clerical order. A little lay representation might lighten that lump through contact with the mingled brethren of the Conference.

There is one practical difficulty which we have not yet overcome. There are many places where there are only a few colored people. They cannot have a pastor of their own race. Some of our people are too much opposed to associations of any kind with them to permit them to occupy seats in our churches. Their prejudices have grown up under adverse circumstances, and there is no way but to let them wear out.

Now here we differ. No prejudice wears out. Slavery was going to wear out, so our fathers said. Intemperance we are told will wear out. Every devil must be driven out. He never leaves of his own choice. The Central must contend mightily against this sin. It is the ruling, darling one of America to-day. It poisons the Church with its presence. That journal has spoken most manifold words against it. This half concession, so eagerly caught up by the indifferent and hostile, is its first yielding. It will not do so again.

HE CAN CREATE AND HE DESTROY.

The great temptation of the adversary in this age, as in Eden, is to delude mankind with the idea that God is too good to destroy a soul. As a late anti-orthodox sheet sharply and unjustly puts it: "God never created a soul for the figot of hell."

Though no souls are created for the figot, and none go to their eternal state except of their own free purpose and determination, yet the awful truth which underlies this untrue statement receives often a dreadful confirmation. The journals of a single week describe three most fearful events in very different parts of the world far removed from each other—the burning alive of three car-loads of passengers in England, the sinking of a ship-load of passengers in Lake Michigan, and the earthquake on the coast of Peru which swallowed up, it is said, not less than thirty thousand lives. All these events were seemingly unforeseen and unavoidable. A coupling breaks from a freight train that was switching off, and two cars loaded with petroleum run back on the main track on a down grade, where, before the next station is reached, so that no telegram can be sent to warn, they meet the chief passenger express, and in a moment there is a collision, flames, death. The steamer reels in a rough sea and over freight. And in five minutes from the time of the alarm she is submerged. The people of the city of Arica were just concluding their summer day when the collisions are heard beneath them, the earth rolls like the sea, fissures open, dust and stifling gas escape, the waters recede and rise, and fallen houses, gaping earth and a mountain wave devour them by the thousands along the coast. "The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when ye shall say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon you and ye shall not escape."

Even the dead are said to have had a resurrection. One lurch of the earth cast up an ancient royal cemetery into the light. Five hundred bodies with their robes of State about them, with sceptres in their fleshless hands, stood forth to increase the horror of the scene. Well might they feel that the "Day of the Lord had come." It had. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, His trumpet sounded and they were changed. The living became as dead, the dead as if alive.

Horrible as are these providences, for they are providences, the foreseesings and doings of God, they are not novel, nor superior to previous calamities, nor surpassed in substance by His daily dispensations. There were destroyed in the Lisbon earthquake more than 60,000 lives; in Mexico in 1797, 40,000 perished in a moment; in Naples in 1857, 30,000 died.

This only proves that the earth and man are subject to the same laws in all their ages. Daily does the Creator reveal the same power. In every city, in every village, in every house His fearful footsteps march.

"Thou makest life in man and brute,
Thou makest death, and lo! thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made."

What solves this riddle of death? Why does so good a God place his creatures on so brittle a vessel, that one puff of wind, one pulse of vapor, one drop of burning oil breaks it into fragments; why? Answer, ye who forget the sin of man, or the holiness of God, who deny the probationary character of this life, and the coming of the day of judgment, and the perdition of ungodly men,—the everlasting separation of the righteous and the wicked. Answer, ye who declare the divine Redeemer a fable and a folly, needed by no man and sent by no Creator to save us from our sins and deliver us from everlasting destruction. How all this prattle that the wisely foolish of this world chatter becomes the gibbering of idiots in such hours as these. Only Christ can save. Here and in Peru. The idolatry of that region, as the infidelity of this, are the real causes that create the earthquake and the destruction. Even after this event the priests of Callao form a procession with a bruised old image picked up from a sewer after an earthquake a century ago, which, because after it was found the sea became calm, was called Our Father of the Sea. This they and the people carry about in procession, praying it to save them from further disaster. And over against their Christian idolatry is the infidelity of our own land, professedly Christian, which takes away all power from Christ, all danger and duty from men, and sets forth a useless Jesus to be mocked and set at naught by the self-sufficient multitudes who reject him. Fly from either error and all errors to the Saviour. Stop the ear to all these Pliables that prophecy smooth but false things; the smoother the falser. Fly to those dear wounds of Christ. Then you shall feel calm and joyful in all these awful movings of the mighty God. With Charles Wesley in his greatest of hymns, written under the shadow of a similar providence, you shall joyfully sing,

Let this earth dissolve and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let these proud rous'ers descend
And grind us into dust;
Haste secure the righteous man,
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck.
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire.

The Liberal Christian assumes a new role. It professes to be indignant at being declared to hold Christ in no higher regard as a Saviour than Mahomet, and somewhat pompously parades the name of the editor of THE HERALD in a form which it was aware was not correct, and asks "If the Ninth Commandment has any place in the Methodist creed?" That is a little longer way of putting it than its neighbor The Ambassador indulged in in respect to itself. It copies the spirit, if not the manners of its friend. We are pleased to see that there is some conscience left in this able sheet, and that it shrinks back from the conclusions of the doctrines it so constantly teaches. We begin to hope for its conversion. That of a late New Yorker over which the church is rejoicing will be hailed with far less gratitude to God than will its recovery from the errors which it advocates. The one is a private soldier in the ranks of the rebellion, the other a leading general. But as a step to this end it must make confession of the sin we charge and of the faith we demand. We have read its pages with some faithfulness—perhaps too much—for over a year, and have never seen a word in them that set forth Christ as the Saviour of sinners. On the contrary, it is a constant advocate of a religion which puts Christ on a level with all other Religions, Buddha, Confucius and Mahomet, so far as any saving efficacy exists. In this very number, and in the very next column, there are two such statements; one editorial, one by Mr. Frothingham. In its last week's issue was another very enthusiastic ode in a eulogy on Mr. Collyer. We take the liberty to ask it one question. Will it affirm that it teaches the doctrine of Christ the Saviour of sinners in the sense of scripture and as understood by the Roman, Greek, English, or any leading church in Christendom in any age?

With Messrs. Emerson, Frothingham, Johnson, Alger and all that distinguished school, it has steadily taught the doctrine that Christ is one of many reformers, and has no peculiar power to save. We shall be glad to confess an error if such exists, and especially to chronicle the conversion of so strong an enemy of the faith to the divine doctrine that was announced by Gabriel, and believed by all true Christians from Abel to the last happy convert at the last camp meeting. "He shall be called Jesus because He saves His people from their sins." Till then it must not assume to be an injured innocent, nor to frown down an opponent by calling names and charging falsehoods. We enjoy all such exhibitions. As Lowell says of a Yankee author:

His American peels he would willingly burn all,
To get but a kick from a Transatlantic journal.

So we may even prefer this sort of compliment from a trans-orthodox paper to more approving ones from the Christian press. Only let it be honest in this matter, and be as bold to support the logic of its own positions as to avow them.

NATIONAL CAMP MEETINGS.—It has been decided to hold the next National Camp Meeting at Saratoga, on grounds held and occupied by the "Round Lake Camp Meeting Association." The location will be very favorable for New England. The meeting will be held early in June or July.

JUST OUT.—The second volume of "McClintock's and Strong's new Cyclopaedia," which we offer as a premium for

six new subscribers and fifteen dollars. Many obtained the first volume in this way. Let all such by the same method secure the second. Both volumes will be given for twelve new subscribers and thirty dollars. No minister or Sunday School teacher can afford to be without this great work, when so little effort in a good cause will secure it.

THE young men of Walnut St. Methodist Church in Chelsea with commendable enterprise have inaugurated a popular course of lectures of the first quality. The first lecture will be delivered in the Church on Thursday evening, Sept. 24, by Rev. J. O. Peck; the others on succeeding Thursday evenings.

NOTES.

Church's New Niagara, on exhibition at Williams & Everett's, is a masterpiece. His former Niagara was the first and only real painting of that scene. But this in many points exceeds that. It gives the whole view, American and Canadian, with the green abyss and its white foam that boils below. The dreadful majesty of the deep green mass plunging over the central wall is lost in this study. That is too far in the distance to be a power. The position is taken by the American fall. Less grand, it is only less grand. Only itself can be its parallel. It is real water, not paint. It only needs the steady pulsing roar to set Niagara before you. The gas-light both helps and harms it. It increases the light, but gives it a tremulousness and yellowness that are not natural. It ought to be seen in the steady rays of the sun. The Chromo is far below the picture. Nothing short of the best engraving can do it justice. That sacrifices the color but saves the soul. No picture on exhibition in this city has deserved a study better than this. Every one should see it. You can go to Niagara for a quarter. Don't fail to make the trip. You will hardly see it more perfectly at the spot itself.

The Boston correspondent of The New York Advocate calls for the erection of new buildings without delay for the Boston Theological University, as he names it. We want room for two hundred students. He is right. Measures should be taken by the Trustees this Fall and the buildings started. It will take a year to get them done. They can be ready next Fall. If they are they will be filled. The writer however is mistaken when he implies that the school is restricted to "its present limited accommodations." It makes provision for all who enter, and its accommodations are as good as those of other schools. None need stay away for that reason.

The Unitarian Convention called for next month, at New York, drops its "Unitarian" title, and uses only the word "Liberal." Yet no other body of this school openly joins it. The Universalists are shy. Not one of their names signs the call. With Chapin and Miner and others dumb, and their papers hostile, the rich and learned and courteous communion is not very lucky in its wooing. After it gets repulsed here, it should drop the new name it is proposing to wear, a name that is neither modest, manly nor true, abandon all its attempts to run a grand universal "to pan" religion, and take its place penitent and believing in the old and only eternal church bought with the precious blood of Christ.

The Church Union nominates Frederic Douglass for President in 1872. We second the nomination.

WHO ARE OUR AMBASSADORS.—Gen. Rosecrans, our ambassador to Mexico, is a Roman Catholic. J. Ross Browne, who has gone to China in the place of Mr. Burlingame, is a native of Ireland.

PERSONAL.

William Claflin is the first Lieutenant Governor since Levi Lincoln, thirty years ago, who has received the nomination of his party for Governor. He is the only merchant who has been thus exalted, except Henry J. Gardiner, a copy he will be very far from following. He received the degree of LL.D. this summer from Middletown. But he had the title many years ago. He was at Brown University a year or two, but left because his father judged he would never be a minister, and he didn't approve of lawyers. His classmates sent him one of his Latin books in a large bundle with Wm. Claflin, LL.D. on the outside. Inside was the translation, not of the book but the title, "Literary Leather Dresser." Years after one of those joking classmates, Hon. Charles R. Train, the attorney in a trial on a "leathery" subject, asked Mr. Claflin, who was a witness, if he was able to give an intelligent answer to the matter in dispute. "I ought to be," was the reply, "for I received the degree of LL.D. once for my knowledge on this very theme." He yet wears that title well.

Mr. A. Hartford, son of the late Rev. Mr. Hartford, of East Maine Conference, was accidentally killed a few weeks ago on the Boston and Albany Railroad. He was a worthy young man, and the chief support of his widowed mother, who is now in need of help; any communication made through Rev. J. L. Hanaford, South Boston, will reach her.

We regret to learn that some three weeks since Revs. J. Colby and A. Turner, of Maine Conference, were seriously injured by being thrown from a carriage. They are now able to attend to their regular duties, though still suffering from the effects of the accident.

Rev. Mr. Studley has been visiting Boston. He may come to stay next time. If the Bishop says so, it will please all the home folks.

We hear that Mr. Noble, the Democratic candidate for Lieut. Governor, is not a Prohibitionist. We regret it for his sake as well as for that of the cause. Let some one be selected who is of the right stamp, if he is not.

Rev. Robert L. Dashiell, of Jersey City, is elected president of Dickinson College. Dr. Dashiell is a very genial gentleman, a fine preacher, a laborious worker, and will prove a great success. He is not so radical as he might be. But Pennsylvania is a better atmosphere than he has heretofore breathed, and we shall expect to see under his influence students of all hues, and one heart crowding his halls. His old States, Maryland and New Jersey, as well as his new one, should rally to his support.

The Methodist Church.

Information from any of our churches for this department will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

TOPSFIELD, MASS.—Sabbath, Sept. 6th, was a most cheering day to the M. E. Church in Topsfield, Mass. The pastor, Wm. D. Bridge, baptized four by immersion, twenty by sprinkling, and received twenty-eight probationers into full membership in the church. Of these twenty-eight, twenty-one were heads of families; eight being husbands with their wives. The sacrament service was specially solemn and impressive, and the Sabbath evening prayer meeting, very fully attended, was a meeting of power; scores rising to attest their desire to unite heartily in a fall campaign for God and his church.

KITTERY, ME.—Rev. W. H. Pillsbury, writes: "Our little society has met with a sad accident. As the workmen were engaged in erecting the roof of our new church on Monday, the 7th inst., the flooring gave way, and the workmen, seven in number, together with the flooring, lumber, etc., were precipitated into the basement, a distance of thirty-five feet. Strange to say none of the men were killed; though all were injured. The building was left almost a wreck. The loss will be quite heavy, and is peculiarly distressing just now. Our church here is just struggling into existence. It is but little more than a year since the first public services were instituted. We have had many obstacles to overcome, and had we not met with this loss we should have barely succeeded."

NOT TRUE.—We are glad to see by *The Northwestern* that the story about the poorly dressed man who had some difficulty in finding a seat in a fashionable M. E. Church in Chicago is untrue. We thought it was unlikely, even in Chicago.

THE IOWA CONFERENCE held its twenty-fifth session at Burlington, on the 2d, Bishop Jones presiding. The principal statistical items are:—Members 18,019; increase, 815. Number of churches, 132; increase, 12. Value of church property, \$382,800; increase, \$42,825. The benevolent contributions have been liberal. Number of Sunday Schools 264. Officers and teachers, 5,338; increase, 334. Scholars, 19,589; increase, 53.

THE CENTRAL GERMAN statistics are: members, 8,719. Contributions,—for Church Extension, \$3,467; increase, \$561. Missions, \$5,445; decrease, \$611.

THE MICHIGAN CONFERENCE held its thirty-third annual session in Three Rivers, on the 3d, Bishop Ames presiding. The principal statistical items are:—Members, 17,936; increase, 216. Number of churches, 147; increase, 15 1-2. Probable value, \$542,850; increase, \$72,750. In most of the collections there has been a decrease the past year; yet the Conference is full of hopeful enterprise. Its next session will be in Grand Rapids, where a fine church is in process of erection.

THE ST. ALBANS M. E. Society have sold their parsonage to the Episcopalians, and are erecting an elegant cottage for the future residence of their minister.

THE CATHOLIC AGGRESSION!—This great question was appreciated by the far-seeing members of the Genesee Conference, and hence they passed amidst profound feeling this resolution:

That we take a deep interest in the measures now being prosecuted by H. Mattison, D.D., and others, to thwart the operations and defeat the designs of the Romish Inquisitions in this country, and earnestly pray that they may result in defending the rights of every person under this Government to change his religion without persecution, and in the just and exemplary punishment of all persons who attempt to destroy such rights.

There is a good revival in progress on Chebeague Island, Me.; God is graciously blessing the people.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.—The Methodist Church in Cuthbert, Ga., has recently been destroyed by fire; the total loss is estimated at \$5,000. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

In Waterville Circuit, N. Ga. Conference, some of the churches are enjoying times of refreshing. There have been some thirty conversions and twenty-five accessions.

In several of the Southern Georgia circuits the revival spirit is active. The late week of prayer was generally observed by most of the churches with happy result to some. In Hamilton circuit there has been a remarkable revival. There were 37 additions to the church, and more than that number were converted. Many say there never was such a revival in Hamilton. The town and vicinity are remodeled, regenerated. Some who but a few days ago were profane, drunken dramsellers, are now children of God, and united with his church.

DURANT, MISS.—Rev. James Lynch writes to the *New Orleans Advocate* that the Quarterly Meeting at Yazoo City was a precious and profitable season. He says:

The result of the effort on the part of certain parties to supplant our church for political purposes, by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has resulted in making the church so popular as to be too small for the number of its worshippers, and we shall be compelled to make it larger. At one quarterly meeting there was a sprinkling of whites, who seemed impressed by the deep solemnity which pervaded our meetings. Nineteen persons joined our church on Sabbath, and over forty were penitent. Many of our preachers are becoming largely possessed with the progressive spirit of Methodism, and are quickened to greater exertion by the bitterness of persecution. Truly our sufferings are giving us a good development.

Portland Items.

The inhabitants of the "Forest City" are well aware of the fact that they dwell in a place "beautiful for situation," and they are not afraid to let it be known that they so think. It has also elicited strong expressions of delight and admiration from tourists who have visited the place. The views from either end of the city are charming, and can scarcely be equaled by any in the States. We are fast recovering from the devastating effects of the "Great Fire" of July 4th and 5th, 1866. In passing through the "burnt district" one will only occasionally see here and there a vacant lot, or a leafless and barkless tree, which is enough, however, to send a shudder

through him as he remembers that night of fire and anxiety which so forcibly reminded some of us of the final end, when "the elements shall melt with fervent heat." Portland has now a population of not far from 30,000, and, with her increasing facilities for business, bids fair, at no very distant day, to be able to count many thousands more.

CHURCHES.

There are in the city proper 30 religious societies and places of worship. Of these the Congregationalist have 9, Methodist 4, exclusive of the Allen Mission Chapel which has no regular service, Baptist 2, Free Baptist 1, Episcopalian 2, Second Advent 2, Christian Order 1, Universalist 2, Unitarian 2, Swedenborgian 1, Friends 1, Catholic 2, Spiritualist 1. We learn of no unusual interest in any church within the city, but in many places near by the holy fire burns brightly, and many have been turned to God. This has been brought about largely through the efforts of the Young Men's Christian Association. The Pine St. M. Church, of which Bro. S. F. Wetherbee is pastor, seems to be wonderfully favored by the Great Head of the church. For many months and even years last past a number have been brought in nearly every week; indeed we cannot see how it can be otherwise with such a corps of laborers to "hold the hands" of the minister in the great battle of the Lord. Our heart is moved to write a word or two in behalf of the A. M. E. Church in this place, of which Bro. Hazlet is pastor. This little band of colored brethren have now a debt upon them of about \$2,000, incurred in erecting their house of worship. Will not those men of princely means, who are in the habit of counting out their tens of thousands for benevolent objects, remember this and other colored churches in our land that are crushed by heavy debts?

East Livermore Camp Meeting.

The East Livermore Camp Meeting commenced Aug. 31, and closed Sept. 5th. The grove in which this meeting is held comprises some fifteen acres of beautiful second growth, a mixture of hard and soft wood, very thrifty and valuable, situated very near the railroad; and the best of it all is, it is *paid for*. This year the circle of tents has been enlarged, additional seats for the accommodation of several hundreds have been provided, and other improvements made.

The first regular service at the stand was on Monday evening, at which time Bro. Ladd preached. The sermon was followed by rousing exhortations by "Camp Meeting John," and others.

Tuesday morning, on account of the rain, services were held in the North Wayne tent; a good, plain and comforting sermon was delivered by Bro. Waterhouse.

In the P. M., Bro. Masterman preached at the stand. During the delivery of this warm and earnest sermon, tears flowed, shouts ascended, and heaven seemed very near. In the evening Bro. Mooers preached a telling sermon, showing forth the high privileges and great responsibilities of the Christian Church.

Wednesday morning Bro. Cummings preached a good sermon to a large congregation. In the P. M. Bro. Jaques preached an impressive and powerful sermon; after which numbers came to the altar to seek the Lord. In the evening Bro. Woodbury addressed sinners upon the wrong they were doing to themselves, and Christians upon entire sanctification. Bro. Allen followed with a characteristic exhortation.

Thursday morning Bro. Hutchins preached an excellent sermon to the assembled thousands. In the P. M. Bro. Armstrong preached with his usual ability. The word was with power. Bro. Colburn, of the N. E. Conference, followed in an exhortation that greatly moved the vast congregation. Bro. Fairbanks preached in the evening. "It is good to be here," was the language of every Christian heart.

Friday morning excellent love feasts were held in the tents. At the usual hour Bro. Colburn preached in the Farmington tent, Bro. Kimball in the North Farmington tent and Bro. Ladd in the Livermore Falls tent.

The afternoon and evening were filled up with social meetings. It was a day of great victory; in one tent seven young people on this last day sought the Saviour, and numbers also sought and found in other tents.

Saturday morning we were called to the stand. Addresses of great power were given by Dr. Webber and Bro. Allen, and after singing and prayer we were dismissed—some of us to go home to toil, some to suffer, and some to die. Under the management of Dr. Webber the order of the meeting was admirable. The attendance was very large. Numbers were converted, and many were led into a richer and deeper experience. "Holiness to the Lord" was our watchword. The meeting on the whole was a glorious success. Measures were taken to secure better light and better water another year.

Sterling Camp Meeting.

The Secretary adds a few notes in addition to what has already been reported of the Sterling Camp Meeting:

At a meeting of the Preachers and Tent Masters, the following brethren were added to the Board of Trustees, viz.: W. E. Plaisted, of Fitchburg; G. W. Raul, of Worcester; Isaac Eaton, of Nashua; and J. C. Scott, of Millville.

We are glad that your reporter enjoyed so high a degree of spiritual temperature as we infer he did by his report, when he heard Bro. Cushman's sermon, for to him it seemed "cold as a winter's night." The rest of us were warmed up by it.

Friday morning was a beautiful one, and the love feast, under the charge of Bro. N. D. George, was, as usual, an extremely interesting season. During an hour and a half about two hundred persons, varying in age from the child of a few years to the wayworn pilgrim of more than threescore and ten, spoke for Jesus, and at the close a vast multitude who were on the Lord's side simultaneously raised their hands to indicate it. To some of us the most decidedly thrilling testimony of all was that of a colored lady, somewhat distant from the stand. She referred to a little child in its father's arms near her as saying, "Nigger, nigger;" and then, raising her piercing eyes and stretching her hands heavenward, exclaimed, "Bless the Lord! Nobody will ever call us niggers any more when we get home to heaven." It was evident to

all that she could read her title clear to a mansion there. Very many were converted at Sterling this year, and the perfect love of God was imparted to many panting hearts.

Poland Camp Meeting.

Seldom are tents erected on a camp ground in so severe a rain storm as prevailed during the first day of this meeting. In fact Tuesday, the second day, was the only really pleasant one, so far as weather is concerned, of the week. But the great quantity of water that fell, during the progress of the meeting, was not enough to damp the enthusiasm or quench the zeal of those engaged in it. All were as active and as joyful as though the sky had been bright, and the atmosphere clear and bracing.

No public service could be held at the stand Monday evening, but with prayer and praise the campaign was well begun in the tents.

Tuesday forenoon, likewise, was devoted to social meetings, as many tents were in process of erection. In the afternoon H. B. Mitchell preached a faithful sermon on Christ as the only foundation of the hope of a blessed immortality, his text being Isa. xxvii. 16. In the evening I. Lord preached on Salvation, and the time for securing it, from 2 Cor. v. 2.

Wednesday forenoon S. F. Strout preached an interesting sermon on Heaven and the way to get there, from Rev. xiv. 3. Rain commenced falling about the hour appointed for afternoon service; but a good congregation gathered at the stand, and with attention heard B. W. Gorham on Matt. v. 6. In the evening A. Hatch gave a good sermon on the Christian's hope.

On Thursday morning the largest audience of the week assembled. G. Haven preached from Heb. xii. 25. The severity of the storm in the afternoon drove our Israel into the tents. In a number of the larger of them there was preaching, as follows: Mechanic Falls, B. W. Gorham; Pownal, T. P. Hillman; Auburn, C. Munger; Monmouth, F. Grovenor; Y. M. C. A., Samuel Paine; Bridgton, E. Martin.

Friday forenoon, being very rainy, was devoted to love feasts in the Monmouth, Lewiston, Pownal and Bridgton tents. At each of these about as many testimonies were offered as are often heard in the general love feast usually held at the stand on Friday morning. The afternoon was sufficiently pleasant for a public service, and C. Munger preached an excellent sermon from 1 John i. 7-9. B. W. Gorham preached in the evening from Psalm xl. 1-3.

The labors of a small band of members of the Y. M. C. A. formed a very interesting feature of this annual session of the meeting. The earnest Christians of this organization do not believe the camp meeting to be a relic of barbarism. Their large meeting tent was always crowded at the hour appointed for services in it, and each day penitents therein sought Jesus. The field work, also, of the Association was attended with good success. To the introduction of this new phase of evangelization into the camp meeting, credit is principally due to Bro. Douglass, the energetic President of the Lewiston Y. M. C. A.

It will rejoice many to learn that Empire Grove is permanently to be a camping place for the tribes of Gardiner District. It has been secured on a long lease. Of the Association, A. Sanderson is President, and J. E. C. Sawyer, Secretary.

Charleston Camp Meeting.

The third annual meeting at these new and beautiful grounds has just closed with tears and rejoicings. In point of weather we were, humanly speaking, unfortunate, it having rained every day but one during the meeting, yet in practical results it was by no means a failure.

The public service was opened at the stand on Tuesday P. M. O. R. Wilson preached from John xviii. 1. At 7 P. M., W. B. Fenlason spoke from Luke x. 42; "One thing needful." "Why," "to Whom," and "When."

Wednesday morning was fair, and love feast—which was such indeed—was held at the stand, at 8 o'clock. At 10, W. T. Jewell preached from Matt. xi. 7-10, presenting the motives which do and should influence us in coming to religious assemblies. Preaching in the tent was the order of the afternoon and evening. Thursday morning was still wet, and there was again preaching in the tents. At 2 P. M., quite a large audience, in spite of the dampness, gathered at the stand to listen to S. Wentworth, who talked as earnestly and pointedly from Matt. xxvii. 22. "What shall I do with Jesus?" Some gave it the only safe answer. This evening, it proving the damp for public service, there was again tent preaching, social services following. Friday morning still wet, and "to your tents, O Israel," was still the word. In the afternoon it was sufficiently comfortable to venture to the stand, and we listened to an excellent sermon from our excellent Presiding Elder, Rev. L. D. Wardwell, from John xii. 31; "The world's condemnation and Satan's dethronement." A powerful service for penitents followed this sermon. At 7 P. M., the final service—a social one—was held at the stand. It was a strong and holy hour—testimony and prayer and song followed in rapid succession, and shouts of triumph rung upon the still night air in heavenly harmony. The tide was deep and mighty. A parting address of solemn beauty was given by the Presiding Elder, and the people adjourned to their tents where social services were continued till a late hour.

Saturday morning was fair, and at 7:30 o'clock we were summoned by bell for the parting service in the good old way, and the scene will never be forgotten. Before the circuit of hand-shaking was half completed, the ground was in tears. Here and there a shout rang along the line, but to most the feeling was too deep for this. But a subduing power was on all; nearly all were bathed in tears, and many strong ones shook with sobs which they could not control. It was a holy hour. The meeting was a success. Every sermon was followed with earnest effort, and every meeting had its penitents. Many were converted, and many reclaimed and cleansed. The feeling and power deepened to its triumphant close. This was the first introduction of our Presiding Elder to the people at large, and they were gratified in the introduction. We parted with regret, and wait impatiently for the coming of another year.

W. W. MARSH, Secretary.

Dover, Sept. 15, 1868.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

HAWAIIAN EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.—The *Friend*, published in Honolulu, contains the following:

On the first of June this ecclesiastical Association convened at the lecture room of Kawaiaho church. There was a full attendance from all parts of the islands. The Hawaiian pastors and delegates now much outnumber the foreign members. The contrast is most striking between the body as now organized, and the old "general meeting" of the American missionaries. Young Hawaii coming upon the stage, and as in the Hawaiian Parliament, so in the meetings of the Association Hawaiians outnumber foreigners. The list of pastors and delegates contains the names of 22 American missionaries and their sons.

SWEDEN.—The success attending the labors of Christian missionaries in Sweden is truly wonderful. The preaching of the gospel there is attended with extraordinary results. The following from the journal of Olo Hanson, a native minister, as given in the *Missionary Magazine*, will show somewhat the extent of the work and the spirit in which it is prosecuted:

I came to Ittenstorp, where I preached in the evening. The people seemed hardened against the gospel, and this troubled my soul. I spent the whole night in prayers and tears. The next morning I decided to go away, but was persuaded by Christian friends to stay and preach yet once. The people now seemed more attentive. After the meeting I found two persons deeply concerned about their salvation. I now concluded to stay another day, and that was more blessed than the former, for I found four fishes fastened in the net. At 8 o'clock next morning we had a prayer meeting, when there was much feeling.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., I preached to a large crowd consisting mostly of young people, who, on their way to a dance, stepped in to hear me. There was a mighty outpouring of the Spirit. During the sermon the weeping and sobbing was so loud that I could not continue, but had to stop and speak to the people individually as far as possible. I hardly think there was one soul present which did not feel the influence of the Spirit of God. The meeting continued eight hours, varied by singing, prayer and conversation. When we closed, twenty-two professed to have found Christ, and two backsliders to have been reclaimed. This evening we rejoiced with angels over repenting sinners. From that place I went to Sunnanof, where also many were awakened and some converted. Accompanied by some friends I continued my journey to Wehsted. On the way we often united in prayer, and a brother went before us from village to village, notifying the people that meetings would be held. Much people gathered, and the Spirit of God worked mightily. Many confessed their sins, and one was baptized.

The following day I preached to large congregations. Many were deeply anxious, lying prostrate, crying aloud, and weeping over their sins.

Before we separated, some stood up and praised God for salvation. The next day five were converted.

From thence I went to Ullstorf, where an old woman who had long been bound in unbelief found peace in Christ. Christmas day I preached to several hundreds, and some found Christ. I went to Wensted where I preached to a congregation of nearly seven hundred. While the church celebrated the Lord's Supper, and the congregation were spectators, God revealed his power to save in a most wonderful manner. There was such weeping that hardly a word could be heard. I continued to converse with the anxious until towards morning. In the morning we had a prayer meeting, and the anxiety was still greater. The people were on their knees, crying for salvation. Many found peace through believing.

THE MILANESIAN MISSION.—The object of this mission is to spread the gospel throughout the extreme western portion of Polynesia. It is under the auspices of the *Church Missionary Society of England*. The Bishop of New Zealand is directing the interests of the mission. The method of operation has hitherto been to go among the savage islanders of Milenesia and collect young men, who were brought to New Zealand for education. That school has recently been removed to Norfolk Island. It is composed of over fifty pupils. The missionary schooner Southern Cross is engaged in cruising among these islands. The prospects of the Milanesian mission are now very encouraging.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

Presbyterian Church.

The church at the South is awake on the subject of Foreign Missions. During the month of July the Southern Presbyterian Churches contributed \$1,695 for this cause, and the Sunday Schools \$235.

REV. J. G. MCKEE.—This devoted and indefatigable worker among the freedmen has been disabled by hemorrhage of the lungs for further prosecution of his work. He was to leave Nashville, the scene of his labors, as soon as his strength would permit.

During the month of Aug. 15 persons were added by profession to the church of Georgetown, Del., under the ministry of Mr. W. W. Page, a student of Princeton Seminary.

Aug. 15th a church was organized at Milton, Fla., of 28 members, two elders and two deacons were elected and inducted into office. On the following day their new house of worship was dedicated.

REFORMED (Dutch) PRESBYTERIAN.—The statistics of this body for the year just closed show that they have 32 classes (Presbyteries); 449 churches; 460 ministers; 59,506 communicants; 3,705 were added on profession; 909 adults and 3,843 infants baptized; 47,981 in Sabbath Schools; \$204,492.93 contributed for benevolent objects; \$764,447.66 for congregational purposes, making an average of \$16.28 per member, contributed during the year for religious purposes.

WESTERN NEW YORK.—Nowhere has the increase of our church been more striking or interesting; nowhere are our churches stronger, or in a more healthful condition than in this section of the State. The growth is steady, uniform, permanent. We wonder if it was generally known how large a portion of our church belongs to the "Empire State." Of the 168,932 members, the churches of this State embrace 72,710, or three-sevenths of the whole; and in Central and Western New York alone we have 43,397, or a little over one-fourth of our entire communion.—*Chr. American Presbyterian*.

The increase in the number of candidates for the ministry in the Southern Presbyterian Church during the six months ending April 1st, 1886, was twenty-four.

Churches have recently been organized at Chico, Cal.; Henderson, N. C.; Garrettsburg, Ala.; Houston, Minn.

The Presbyterian Church of Southampton, L. I., is enjoying a precious revival. More than 50 persons have professed faith in Christ, and over 30 are now inquiring after the way of life. The interest continues unabated.

Congregationalist Church.

MAINE STATISTICS.—Eighty-six missionaries have been in the service of the State Missionary Society during the year, of which 48 were ordained ministers, the remainder, students and licentiates. The number of churches connected with the Conference is 241; ministers, 178, of whom 59 are installed pastors. The average ministerial age of all the ordained ministers in the State is nineteen years; the average time of settlement of the 59 over the churches of which they are now pastors, eight years. The total additions to membership are 1,091; losses, 664; present membership, 20,090; increase from last year, 260; number in Sabbath Schools, 21,923.

IOWA STATISTICS.—Churches, 183, of which 22 are self-sustaining. Ten have organized during the year, and one disbanded. Membership, 8,672, of which 3,355 are males and 5,317 females. There has been a net gain during the year of 892. The average attendance upon public worship is given as 13,517, upon prayer meeting 29 per cent. of resident members, and upon Sabbath School 3,369. Ministers, 139, of whom 122 are engaged in pastoral work. Benevolent Contributions, \$16,566, or nearly \$2 per member. Home Expenditures, raised on the field, \$104,365. Total amount raised for home and foreign work \$120,945, or \$16 per member. Eighty-nine houses of worship are reported with an average value of \$3,431, a total valuation of \$305,350, and with 15,000 sittings.

Lutheran Church.

The Lutheran and Missionary says: "We shall maintain the truth, the scriptural truth, of our distinctive Lutheran doctrines over against all opposition, but we shall never agree to exclude from our communion table, worthy, humble, and believing Christians of another denomination, nor from our pulpits worthy ministers of orthodox Evangelical Churches, who will preach Christ and him crucified. If the Lutheran doctrine and practice, in these particulars, ever was different in past days, we are free to declare that, in so far, we dissent from such exclusive views and practices. And should the General Council, or any District Synod, declare that close communion and absolute non-exchange of pulpits are necessary and obligatory upon Lutherans, we shall exercise the Christian liberty of maintaining a different position over against such bodies and their resolutions."

Baptist Church.

MISSOURI.—The Missouri Baptist General Association, and the Ministers and Deacons' Conference connected with it, met in Paris, Monroe Co., Thursday, Aug. 6th, and closed its sessions the next Monday evening. About two hundred and seventy-five delegates were present. There was also a very large attendance of people from neighboring districts. During nearly all the session of the Convention at the Baptist Church, preaching was going on at two other adjacent houses of worship, and at all three places the throngs in attendance showed the genuine Southwestern enthusiasm.—*Watchman & Reflector*.

The churches in Maine are, for the most part, in a quiet condition. A few are enjoying special religious interest. The fields are whitening but the laborers are few. There is need of increased earnestness among the Christians of this State that God would send forth laborers into his harvest.—*Watchman & Reflector*.

The Old Cambridge Baptist Church entered the newly-finished, spacious and very elegant chapel of their house of worship now being erected, on the 6th.

Rev. Dr. Gardner, of the First Church, Charlestown, on Sunday, the 6th, preached his seventh anniversary sermon as pastor of that church. The following figures are the best of all proofs of a ministry blessed of the Lord: Whole number received by baptism, 154; by letter and experience, 161; whole number connected with the church during the seven years, 575. Present number, 487. Gain in membership, 200.

A Baptist Church is about to be established in Franklin, Mass.

The First Baptist Church in Wickford, Conn., has just received by baptism nineteen new converts.

Considerable religious interest exists in the region of the White Hill Church, Conn., as also among the Congregationalists of Huntington. Rev. J. D. Potter has recently held meetings there.

The Elbethel Baptist Church, Tennessee, three miles from Shelbyville, are enjoying a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

Says the *Era*: "In several churches in Indiana the Lord is reviving his work, and multiplying converts. Twenty have recently been baptized at Kendallville; seventeen at Jeffersonville; and twenty at Mill Creek. The churches of the Sand Creek Association have received in the last year 205 by baptism. There are 15 churches with a membership of 1192."

Roman Catholic Church.

WHAT POPERY HAS DONE FOR SPAIN.—The following article from a Dublin Romanist paper is adopted by *Catholic Opinion*:

"The state of Spain is appalling. While conspiracy reigns in the capital, and many of her most distinguished citizens have been shipped off to the Canaries, famine threatens to aggravate her condition. It is said that greater distress now prevails in the country than at any time during the last half century. Spain grows the finest wheat in Europe. The central provinces are one vast cornfield, and if fully cultivated, would supply the deficient harvest of half of Europe. It is not so much an adverse season that diminishes the supply of food as the unsettled state of the country which indisposes men to sow when they may not expect to reap. The country is never free from conspiracies of some kind. Military and political adventurers divide the government between them. When Narvaez goes, Gonzalez Bravo succeeds him, and the same system is pursued. Spain has a Cortes, but no person knows anything about it, what it does, or what it omits to do. Only the other day one hundred persons, comprising some of great distinction, were whipped up by the Ministry and sent out of the country. The Duke de Montpensier, the Queen's brother-in-law, was ordered off, though he was guilty of no greater crime than sending the Queen's own sister to advise her about the dangers that threatened her crown. Now come a deficient harvest, and crowds of beggars in the capital and central cities. It is not difficult to foresee the end of this calamitous state of things. Much will depend on the army. If it be well affected, and commanded by officers who enjoy its confidence, and loyal to the crown, Queen Isabella may hold her ground. But the fidelity of a Spanish regiment is never to be depended on. Then the financial condition may precipitate a change. If the taxes cannot be collected, how are the expenses of the State to be defrayed? Foreign loans are impossible, for Spain is shut out from the money market of the world. Altogether the prospect is dismal."

Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Rev. Mr. Smith writes to the *American Churchman* of the Convocation that has been organized, and says:—

"We hope that this is the beginning of great good to be accomplished for the church and advancement of the gospel. This is the first Convocation ever organized on the south side of the Missouri River. Thousands of people are springing up in this part of the State, and towns and villages are springing up like magic. Many of our vast and rich prairies are already dotted over by farm-houses, rustling with rice corn fields, or waving with golden grain. We must have the gospel of Jesus

Christ preached to this multitude of people or they all must perish. From every quarter the Macedonian cry is heard—come over and help us."

TRACT SOCIETY ITEMS.—The Committee on Finance and Applications for Aid, located at Philadelphia, consists of the Rev. Jacob Dickerson, chairman, Rev. J. W. Paxson, Thomas Sappington, esq., Charles Higgins, esq., and Rev. S. W. Thomas, Secretary and Treasurer.

The object sought by the appointment of this committee is to accommodate those preachers in Philadelphia and adjacent Conferences who do their business in that city, and who can pay their tract collections and obtain their grants more conveniently than at the office of the Society in New York. This Committee will be governed by the same rules as our Committees in other centres, and will make grants on the principles laid down in the "Synopsis" published in the Annual Report of the Tract Society.

The Executive Committee of the Tract Society at its last meeting voted to furnish one thousand copies of the *Good News* monthly for distribution in the cars and steamboats leaving their city.

It also appropriated \$100 to supply returning Swedish emigrants with books and tracts in Swedish.

The circulation of the *Good News* is rapidly increasing. We now print over 72,000 copies, an increase of 20,000 in three months. D. WISE, Cor. Sec.

HOME MISSIONS.—The following, from the *Berkshire Eagle*, shows the necessity of home mission work in old Massachusetts. The *Eagle* reads a severe lecture to those who, for slight causes, absent themselves from the house of God. There are many such:

HEATHEN.—Living all about us, are men in good health and good circumstances who never darken the doors of a sanctuary of any kind from one year's end to another. Some of these are professed Christians who have taken some "miff" and got their "backs up," about some mole-hill that their selfishness had magnified to a mountain and they sunk at home. What will they do with their nasty excuses at the day of judgment in which they profess to believe. Do such know that it is an insult to ministers and community to shun their society when in health, and then ask for the offices of religion when they die. Do the square thing, friends. Either go to church and support the gospel, or go in a manly way to your minister and ask him to erase your name from the church books, and when you die, *Alse* somebody to say prayers over you, or else deposite your carcass in the nearest fence corner to banquet the crows.

The *Radical* is thus pertly rebuked by *The Register*:

In an editorial article on "Thin Churches," we are told that the people are deserting the churches, and have no faith in "organized religion." Here, bear in mind, is an appeal to numbers as evidence of the decline of popular faith. How stands the statistics? The Methodists at the beginning of the century had 15,000 communicants, now they number two millions. The Baptists during the same time have increased from 35,000 to 1,700,000, the Presbyterians from 40,000 to 700,000, the Congregationalists from 75,000 to 275,000, and the Catholics now number 4,000,000. While the population has increased six-fold, the church membership has increased fourteen-fold, and while in 1800 there was one communicant to about fifteen of the population, in 1860 there was one to six.

SWEDEN.—A correspondent of the *London Freeman* says: "A great work of grace has gone on especially in Skane, where one brother alone baptized more than 200 in, I believe, seven months. And the revival is still going on there, as well as in the neighboring province of Blekinge, where Bro. Bergetroff is laboring. And on the whole, the work everywhere is favorably progressing."

Sir Moses Montefiore says that neither in the Holy Land nor in any other part of the world has sentence of death been pronounced by a Jewish tribunal since the close of the great Sanhedrin in Jerusalem. The sceptre has indeed departed from Judah.

OUR SOCIAL MEETING.

Here is a letter with some just censures from Rev. Mr. Simmonds, of California.

North American S. S. Company's Steamer "Dacotah," at Sea, Lat. 11 deg. 3 min. N., Lon. 78 deg. 51 min. W., 117 Miles from Aspinwall, Aug. 18, 1886.

It is the fifth time that I am passing over this route, either to or from New York to San Francisco since 1850. Then the route was new, and we passed through the great dangers of the way with much inconvenience. Descriptive letters were numerous and read eagerly by multitudes, but now the way has been traversed by so many that ordinary letters scarcely allude to it, and unless some distinguished person is on board whose personal history interests the public, no correspondence of the route is published in the most active journals. But there are reasons which will appear in this communication why general oblivion should not cover the particulars of this voyage.

In all my travels over this route I have passed uniformly and only in the pursuit of my mission as a minister of Christ. I have sometimes received the usual deduction of fare granted to clergymen of all denominations; but this time the fare in consequence of the opposition, being low, I did not ask this favor of the N. A. S. S. Company. I went to the office and secured my ticket, paying all that was asked. I learn since I sailed that I paid higher than any on board, and I certainly find partialities used that should not be tolerated in well regulated ships among first-class cabin passengers.

For instance, my wife and I who drink ordinarily neither tea nor coffee, and never drink wine, have had our tumblers filled frequently with discolored, dirty and bad tasting water, when the officer of the ship who sat next to me at the table, had his tumbler filled with clear ice water. I asked ice at any price, and could not be served with it. The partiality became so enormous that others appealed to the captain and we have had it remedied in a degree. The wine drinkers uniformly had ice in abundance. The cold water drinkers could get none without stealing it or paying some one to steal it for them. It is mean and shabby in the extreme.

I took passage in the Steamship "Dacotah," anxious to aid the opposition and help keep down fares to and from California. I was told that she was a new and good ship, and that her trial trip was a success. I knew the reputation of Mr. Webb, the President of the Company, was very great both as a ship builder and as an honest man. I could not think he would allow a poor ship to go out under his superintendency, but here we are in a ship whose machinery is so defective that she is utterly unseaworthy. She absolutely had to be towed out of her dock at New York. Think of it, a steamer so out of repair that she has to be towed out, and her machinists have to work night and day in alterations and repairs to make her work! And these repairs detaining her at the very start! What cruelty to send passengers to sea in such circumstances! The officers in general have done what they could to keep the vessel moving and to make the passage safely. The partialities have passed away under the pressure of great difficulties and dangers. But this does not relieve the Company of the culpability of its management. It was well known that her machinery was defective. At the best it was an experiment, and

ought not to have been tried with passengers on such a voyage.

The ship was new. That was all that she had to recommend her. And that liked to have proved our ruin. The water tanks had been recently whitewashed, and had never been washed out but filled with water for the trip. Very soon the water tasted of alkali so strongly as to be very unpalatable and injurious, causing diarrhoea and abrasion of the bowels. It has nearly caused the death of one old lady, and has seriously affected many. Mrs. S. was very ill from its effects. This condition of things, wholly unnecessary, and arising solely from utter ignorance of the business of shipping, or from culpable carelessness, was in the latitudes at this season of the year, inviting suffering, disease and death. Imagine the suffering of seven hundred and forty passengers, aside from the officers and crew, in this condition for days. The languor, the lassitude and painful thirst were indescribable. What could the officers do in such a state of things? The steam condenser was put into use, and afforded partial relief.

Thanks be to God, in his good providence the weather was delightful. Never did a smoother sea or calmer sky for nine days together invite the repose of the soul in Him who "walketh upon the waters" and holds in his hands "the keys of hell and of death." When we reached the Caribbean Sea, the northeast trades were favorable to our progress, and blew steadily and strongly, filling the steamer's sails for four days with their propelling power.

A good steamer will accomplish the trip in seven days. It took us thirteen. The conduct of the officers in comparison with those of the other line is favorable. And if this Company shall correct the defects noted in this letter and send only good ships to sea well supplied with water and wholesome provisions they may yet succeed.

Whenever able I have preached on the Sabbath, and the passengers have endured their sufferings with much equanimity, and we are about landing now with much thankfulness to God, to whom be glory forever.

Prof. C. S. H. contributes more of his interesting

VACATION RAMBLES.

From Green to White; not from summit to summit, with level flight, but with a pendulum track that took us across the valley through its depths. The old town of Lempster receives us, to be a few days our host. The town is a part of New Hampshire's spinal column. The vertebrae here are slightly irregularly-bent. There is consequently a large variety of peculiar humps and curvatures. Doubtless in the infancy of the State, before the backbone became strong, it was trotted too rudely, or cradled too carelessly. All these irregularities, however, make it the paradise of rusticators, who find endless variety of scenery, and abundance of high, healthful air.

An old, deserted church here has lately become the headquarters of Spiritualism for this and several towns round about. A spiritual hotel, just across the street from it, ensures abundant "manifestations." The audience proceed from church to hotel and back again, on Sunday, at regular intervals. The show draws much larger congregations than the preaching of genuine gospel not ten rods away. Is it on this principle that Five Points Allen proposes to exhibit himself as the wickedest man in New York, and furnish specimens, promising this large and paying audiences? How would it do to convert men by that kind of preaching? It would be on the homoeopathic system in all except the doses. I have heard of no other spirit manifestations here except the liquid. One would think that if any one came up from their incantations it would be the indignant shade of Elias Fisher, who for half a century preached orthodoxy in the same church.

An old resident of the town tells me that its population has diminished one fifth within a few years. The State records also show a large falling off in the number of children who attend the public schools; all of which shows that New Hampshire is a good State to emigrate from. Thus as the richest soil of the hills is washed down to make the interval of the valleys, so the best and sturdiest of the mountain population gravitate to other regions to enrich the communities where they settle.

THE HERALD upon Camp Meetings is first-rate. Would not a few sermons after the Edwardian style of "the sinner in the hands of an angry God" be of great service? We have enough of the silver-tongued; might not a little cast iron be effective for a change? Are not our most successful revivalists notorious for pithy pointedness—for ungloried handling of sin and sinners—for using the plain language of the Bible instead of soft circumlocutions? Finney, Coughy, Burdard, Payson preached stinging sermons. They often administered what we would almost call too personal rebukes. Finney once promptly rebuked two young ladies who behaved improperly in his meeting: "Your dresses," said he, "are white as snow, but your hearts are as black as hell." They were converted within a week.

A concentrated truth sometimes does more execution than a volume of argument. A well-known Orthodox clergyman of New York, once addressed Rev. Mr. Swain, a noted controversialist of the Universalist denomination, thus: "All my arguments will not change your opinions, nor yours, mine; but be sure of one thing—you worship one God, I another. You worship a God whom you can insult, and spit upon with impunity; I worship a God who will be served according to his own laws, and who guards jealously his honor." The remark went home, and Mr. Swain never preached Universalism again. Ought not the sinner to be wounded? Will the indifference of the age yield until its gospel-hardened surface is pierced?

Rev. C. K. True comments

A GRAND EPIC IN PROSE.

I have just now finished reading the most wonderful book in prose or verse which our age has produced; but which, like Milton's Paradise Lost, lies on the shelves of the publishers (Lee & Shepard, Boston), covered with dust, not one edition sold in nearly four years. It is Rev. Charles Beecher's theory of Sin and Redemption, under the title of "Redeemer and Redeemed." It is a grand Romance of the Angels, a celestial epic in prose, in originality far superior to Milton's "Paradise Lost," or "Paradise Regained," and equal to his best prose writings in purity and vigor of style. It is the author's sincere and profound belief on the origin of sin and the fall of angels, and on the origin, fall, depravity and redemption of man. It is the latest of the notable reactions of Calvinism to opposite error; but it is vastly better than any other, and unspokeably better than Calvinism. Harriet, his sister, mourned over slavery for years, and fell into a paroxysm of weeping for three days and nights, and then relieved her soul by writing Uncle Tom's Cabin. Charles, from earliest boyhood, grieved over the mystery of sin and depravity, and the doom of the lost, as presented to his mind by the horrible theology derived from Calvin, and this book is the result. Though I think it is a speculation unsupported by scripture or experience, it is not repugnant to reason or conscience or sympathy in any of the aspects in which it is peculiar; and if we may judge of its moral influence by the spirit of its author, it is not unfriendly to the most humble, ardent and devoted piety.

It is my design to review it at length, and I shall, therefore, now content myself with stimulating curiosity in respect to it. If any one fond of theological studies wishes to refresh himself with an entirely new view of old themes, let him read this book; and though he will not believe it, he will find it eminently suggestive, and it will quicken his diligence in searching the Scriptures and analyzing human nature for the discovery of what has not yet been reached, a satisfactory Theodicy.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.
Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

Cattle Shows. This is the season of the year when these annual festivals are held, and we advise all our farmer friends to attend them with their families. We believe in the main they are productive of good, though we do not like to see so great prominence given to the horse, especially horse-racing, from which latter no good can or will ever come. We very much regret the fact that the Trustees of the various societies think it necessary to resort to such means to sustain the interest of their exhibitions. We know some societies who have never tolerated horse-racing on their grounds, and never intend to do so, and yet are in a truly prosperous condition. Let the farmer take along to the show samples of the best his farm has produced, whether of cattle, grain, fruits or vegetables. Take along his wife if he is fortunate enough to have one, his grown-up daughters, with the loaves of bread and nice cheese and butter that they have made, that they may compare it with the productions of others. Take the boys, too, and let all have a good time together; they will all be the better for it. One of the best results of these exhibitions is to show what may be done in each department by skilled and well-directed labor, and seeing this will lead others now less skillful to try and see what they can do. Many will be filled with the very innocent ambition to produce better crops than their neighbors, which may result in great good to the public. Attend the cattle shows, and keep posted.

Strawberry Beds planted this year will need looking after now. Keep out all the weeds and grass, and give the runners a good chance to take root. Some varieties, the Hovey for instance, are not inclined to make runners freely, and where a person has but few it will pay to take some pains to have all the runners take root. The Brighton Pine makes runners quite freely, and will take care of itself better. Chickweed is a great nuisance among strawberries on old lands. New land is better for this crop, for there are fewer weeds to contend with. Some good cultivators prepare their land for strawberries in the fall, that is manure it. The best crop of this fruit we ever raised was on sward land turned over in the autumn and manured in the spring with ashes, after which the plants were set. There were very few weeds, but a great many berries.

Shade Trees in Streets. We admire to see beautiful shade trees along the streets. The graceful American elm waving its pendulous branches in the breeze, the sugar maple with its dark green foliage and regular outline, the Norway maple, much resembling the sugar maple, with still heavier foliage, the white maple with its scarlet blossoms in spring and changing foliage of brilliant hues in autumn, and so through all the list of trees planted for shade and beauty along our streets. We always admire and remember longest those villages in the country whose streets are adorned with trees. They are a great source of comfort to man and beast in the bright days of summer, sheltering from the burning noonday sun. The birds of the air come and lodge therein, build their nests, and sing their sweetest songs. While we would do all in our power to encourage the good work of planting shade trees in streets, we wish to utter a word of caution to those who do so. How often we see that the limbs of such trees are allowed to grow so low both on the sidewalk and street as to be very much in the way. In the way of top carriages, leads of hay and the like, in the street and on the sidewalk; in the way of the hats of tall persons, umbrellas, &c. Many a night have we found such trees to be in the way on account of the lowness of their limbs. To those whose premises are favored with such trees we would say take care of them so that travelers will not complain of their being in the way, a nuisance rather than a blessing, as they were intended to be.

Pears. This fruit is very poor this year, even the Bartlett's possessing very little flavor. Many of the trees have shed their leaves, and the fruit proves as insipid as a turnip. The fruit of the Flemish Beauty, Sheldon, Buirre, Dell, and some others have cracked as badly as ever the old St. Michael did. The crop is not half as large as usual. Good pears sell for a high price. Some have predicted that the market would in a few years be glutted with this fruit, but we see no signs of it. Pears sell as high this year as they did ten or twenty years ago. Many of us have made a great mistake in planting pear trees for profit, having planted too many kinds. We have in our orchard over one hundred sorts, and we believe we should have been much better off if we had never set over six to ten varieties. Varieties that will flourish in some soils will fail in others, so that it is not always safe to plant extensively of one variety simply because it does well in some other locality. We consider the pear an excellent fruit, worthy the attention of all who have a garden or farm, but we cannot say that it is a very profitable crop to raise. Stories are told of single trees that have produced largely, and when one sits down and reckons the product of an acre of trees from the crop of this one, the case will look well on paper. The practical result might not be so rose-colored. There are many obstacles in the way of the successful cultivation of the pear.

Ruta Baga. This is an important crop both to feed to stock and for market purposes. Care should be taken that the plants be not allowed to stand too thickly, else they will not bottom well. The rows are generally from two to three feet apart, and the plants should be left eight to twelve inches apart in the row. The weeds should all be kept out, and they should be frequently hoed until they get to be large. When intended for the market it is not desirable to have them grow very large, but when to be used for feeding out to cattle, the larger the better, because the yield will be all the greater.

Flat Turnips. Thin out these turnips, for if allowed to grow thickly together, they will fall to give good turnips. It is better to have them of medium size for the market, but when to be used for cattle large ones are quite desirable, for it is less work to gather them. Turnips grow late. The weather having been good for them of late, a large crop may be expected.

Mulching Trees. Newly set trees should, if possible, be mulched, unless on quite moist land. Though the early part

of the season be wet, yet when the dry, hot weather comes on, the trees will be quite likely to suffer. Hay, leaves, straw—almost anything that will keep the ground moist—can be used to advantage. Where nothing else can conveniently be had, stones may be used. If leaves are used, it is better to cover with some earth to prevent them from blowing off.

Potatoes. There are signs of rot among this crop, and the weather of late has been such as to develop the disease if there was a tendency to it. Where the vines are dead and the crop fully ripe it is better to dig the potatoes and put them in a cool, dry and dark place, and after a few weeks sort them over, removing all the decayed ones, when the remainder can be safely put into the cellar. We have thus far seen but few tubers at all affected. We hope this disease will not prevail this season.

Pickles. Now is the time to cure pickles for family use. Cucumbers are generally used, and are very good. Cauliflower makes an admirable pickle, and keeps well. Those who have never tried it will be pleased with it.

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

PLINY CLARK died at his residence in West Woodstock, Conn., July 13, aged 63 years.

Bro. Clark had been a member of the M. E. Church some twenty-seven years. For many years he performed the arduous and responsible duties of class leader and steward. He died of sun-stroke.
OTIS PERRIN.
West Woodstock, Aug. 15.

WIDOW ANN DROWN slept in Jesus near Warren, R. I., July 10th, on her 55th birthday.

Mother Drown was converted and joined the little church in Warren fifty-five years ago, at a time when it cost something to be a Methodist. From the first she was an earnest worker in the vineyard. Her house was in early days the hospitable home of the itinerant minister, and precious were her recollections of such men as Artemas Stebbins, Isaac Bonney, Timothy Merritt and others, with whom she is now worshipping in the temple above. For many years she has had to bear not only the infirmities of age but the torture of a cancer. Yet she received all submissively, as from God, and was ever cheerful and happy in his love. It was always a privilege to sit with her and hear her speak of the olden times, and the continued love of her Saviour. Next to purely religious exercises she prized the calls of Christian friends, and the weekly visits of ZION'S HERALD, which she had read from the first of its publication. For a week before her death this saint of God was called to bear intense agony, but then, most of all, was Jesus precious. Her last message was to a relative—the wish that he would seek the Lord, with the added assurance, "I pray for him every night."
J. H. J.

MRS. HANNAH W. SAWYER, wife of Bro. Daniel W. Sawyer, died in Boothbay, Me., July 11, aged 49 years.

Her sickness was long and her sufferings terrible, but she died in peace. Her last words were, "My Heavenly Father, take me to thyself. Sister Sawyer was for more than 30 years a member of the M. E. Church. During that time she faithfully attended and liberally sustained the institutions of religion. She went like an angel of mercy to the abodes of the sick and the sorrowing. All this she did with constancy, liberality and cheerfulness. A more unselfish and noble-minded Christian woman I have not met in a pilgrimage of thirty years. She was a fit companion for the brother who is so well and so widely known both in the Maine and East Maine Conferences. The record of our departed friend is on high, and her influence will long live and her deeds be long remembered upon earth.
A. PRINCE.

Orrington, Me., July 15.

SALLY P. GRAETON, relict of the late Smyrna Graeton, died in Winchendon, July 13 h, aged 78 years.

Sister Graeton was a consistent member of the M. E. Church for a period of forty-five years. She was truly a Methodist of the olden stamp, strongly attached to the ministry and usages of the M. E. Church. In health she "loved the habitation of God's house, and the place where his honor dwelleth." And when enfeebled by disease (paralysis), as long and as often as she was able, assisted by two or more persons, she occupied her seat in the sanctuary. Her affliction was protracted, during the last part of which reason was dethroned; but when in its possession it was evident that her "life was hid with Christ in God," and we cannot doubt that she is gone to be "forever with the Lord."
WM. FENTECOST.

CAROLINE GENTNER, wife of N. Gentner, died in Bristol, Me., July 12.

Sister Gentner gave her heart to God in early life, and from that time to the close of life was an active member of the M. E. Church, and devoted to God and his cause. She had a strong, cultivated and liberal mind, and was one of our most exemplary Christians. She enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew her, and after a year's painful sickness of consumption, she fell asleep in Jesus, and now rests in glory.
J. BEAN.

Our excellent brother in Christ, JAMES MURCH, of Lebanon, N. H., died July 1, aged 50 years.

He sought and found the pearl of great price thirty-six years ago, at East Bethel, Vt., and soon united with the M. E. Church, and for some ten years was the efficient leader of the class in that place. For the last 25 years he has been an active steward and trustee in the church in Lebanon. Bro. M. was a wise counselor. The pastor's true friend, a thorough Methodist, a liberal supporter of the church in all her institutions, and an every-day Christian, one of "the excellent of the earth." His sickness was of several months' duration, but through it all his soul was kept "in perfect peace," and because he was prepared he could talk of death as freely and composedly as of going to rest at night. Hence he carefully made all necessary arrangements with reference to his temporal affairs, even of his own funeral; and, as he himself expressed it, "died at peace with God and all mankind."

Among the many things he said in his last days with reference to his hope of heaven, the following is characteristic of him, in life and in death. When a friend of his referred him to his past faithful life, he replied, "I have nothing to boast of. All I have received is of grace. If I ever get to heaven it will be through the merits of the great atonement provided by my Lord Jesus Christ."
N. CULVER.

MR. THOMAS PEASLEE died of lung fever, at the residence of his son-in-law, in Methuen, Mass., July 6, aged 85 years.

Father Peaslee had lived the Christian life for over half a century, taking more and more delight in the good way to the end. For a year his health was declining, yet he feared not, but rejoiced in the glorious prospect which lay just before him. His last illness was short, and his death peaceful. For such a man to die is a loss to earth, but a gain to heaven. Surely "The work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever."
CHARLES U. DUNNING.

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Rapidity and excellence of construction have been secured by a complete division of labor, and by distributing the twenty thousand men employed along the line for long distances at once. It is now probable that the

Whole Line to the PACIFIC will be Completed in 1869.

The Company have ample means of which the Government grants the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations; also 12,800 acres of land to the mile taken in alternate sections on each side of its road; also United States Thirty-Year Bonds, amounting to from \$16,000 to \$48,000 per mile, according to the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built, for which it takes a second mortgage as security, and it is expected that not only the interest, but the principal amount may be paid in services rendered by the Company in transporting troops, mails, &c.

THE EARNINGS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, from its Way or Local Business only, during the year ending June 30th, 1868, amounted to over

Four Million Dollars,

which, after paying all expenses, was much more than sufficient to pay the interest upon its Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove that

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

Are Entirely Secure.

The Union Pacific Bonds run thirty years, are for \$1,000 each, and have coupons attached. They bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July, at the Company's Office in the City of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The principal is payable in gold at maturity. The price is 102, and at the present rate of gold, they pay a liberal income on their cost.

A very important consideration in determining the value of these bonds is the length of time they have to run.

It is well known that a long bond always commands a much higher price than a short one. It is safe to assume that during the next thirty years, the rate of interest in the United States will decline as it has done in Europe, and we have a right to expect that such six per cent. securities as these will be held at as high a premium as those of this Government, which, in 1857, were bought in at from 20 to 32 per cent. above par. The export demand alone may produce this result, and as the issue of a private corporation, they are beyond the reach of political action.

The Company believe that their bonds, at the present rate, are the cheapest security in the market, and the right to advance the price at any time is reserved. Subscriptions will be received in Boston by

MATTHEW BOLLES & CO., 90 State Street,
O. E. FULLER & CO., 2 State Street,
TOWER, GIDDINGS & TORREY, 74 State Street,
STONE & DOWNER, 28 State Street,
B. W. GILBERT, 18 State Street,
SPENCER, VILA & CO., 13 Congress Street,
PAGE, RICHARDSON & CO., 114 State Street,
NATIONAL HIDE AND LEATHER BANK,
NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE,
FOGG BROS. & BATES, 30 Congress Street,
KIMBALL, FYCOTT & BENNETT, 8 State Street,
JOHN E. M. GILLEY, 5 Devonshire Street,
And in New York

At the Company's Office, 20 Nassau Street,

AND BY

JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers,

No. 59 Wall St.,

And by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States.

Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds payable in New York, and the Bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for safe delivery.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP FOR 1868 has just been published by the Company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement, respecting the Progress of the Work, the Resources of the Country traversed by the Road, the Means for Construction, and the Value of the Bonds, which will be sent free on application at the Company's offices, or to any of the advertised agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer. N. Y.

Sept. 14, 1868.

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